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VOGUE

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FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

COVER: First look at fall—smash restaurant-dressing! Oscar de la Renta's black velvet suit, with a white chiffon blouse ruffled in lace. Acetate-and-rayon jacket, about $150, and skirt, about $80; polyester blouse, about $100. Mid-July, Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Earrings, Jules van Rouge; necklace, Michael Moraux for Dubaux (stores, page 123). . . . Makeup and hair, by Rick Gillette. The coloring—all Estée Lauder's: Cinnamon Polish lipstick, Apricot Glow Color Wash, shadows of Silvered Lilac/Silvered Wine on the eyes.

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FALL INTO A NEW STEP WITH GOLO! FROM MISS BONWIT'S NEW SHOE COLLECTIONS! What we like about shoes this autumn is the sleek, understated fashion of it all. What we like particularly is Golo's new calfs, patents and suedes, on just the right height of heel, in a whole spate of new shades. These, 34.00 to 38.00 Miss Bonwit Shoes, New York Manhasset Scarsdale Short Hills Chicago Oakbrook Troy

by Eleanor Munro

VOGUE **TRAVEL**

Few Americans have penetrated China; one woman who did writes about the effect of that trip on her emotions

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A poet and writer about art and cultures, Eleanor Munro, whose next book deals with Protestant missionaries in China had finished her book about the Tang Dynasty*—Through the Vermilion Gates *(Pantheon)—when she set off in June, 1973, to satisfy her visual craving for the Chinese art she had been writing about. Instead, as this article shows, she found the experience of China to be an emotional one.*

The past is gone, the wars and debaucheries ended. Staring out the window of a train rolling through the slowly changing landscape of China—awakening at night in Peking on the desert, hearing the whistles of other far-off trains and the nearer dripping of rain off the acacia trees by my window—I often came out of dreams, day- or night-, of my childhood. I was trying to salvage something, some smiling photograph of myself as a girl. When I awoke, all the woes of the traveler at night in a foreign land —fears of dying away from home, of being lost in an alien world—gripped me.

There was something so overwhelmingly strange about this China at first. One finds oneself there in a world *so young* that has shed so heavy and tragic a past. So innocent. What Westerner could divest himself so totally of all of which he is ashamed, all that tortures and diminishes and humiliates him—and awake, reborn?

Yet the roots are not really torn out that lead to China's past, rather nourished on compassion. How gently the young man wheels his grandmother into town in his rubber-tired wooden wheelbarrow, because sixty years ago her feet were bound and it still pains her to walk. How trustingly the little girl holds her grandfather's hand as they stroll beneath the silk trees in Peking at twilight. Again and again, he tells her the stories of the Revolution, to keep her imagination alive, not to allow her sense of the newness to grow jaded.

We went one evening to a Mongolian restaurant in the northern quarter of Peking. The building with its delicate lattice windows was set in a grove of willows by a small pond, where once only the Imperial family was allowed to boat, but now all the Pekingese may swim. Our host was an old warrior with a straggly white beard, who toasted the three generations at our table; an honored, now venerable, American revolutionary; some travelers of middle age; and our young Chinese guides. "China is traveling her own way," he said in a gentle voice. "The raising of political consciousness and the raising of living standards go step by step.

"Where once only the Imperial family was allowed to boat, now all the Pekingese may swim"

"We make comparisons," he went on, "between yesterday's China and Liberated China. And then we decide what is good and what is not good.

"New China is young," he ended, "lagging far behind the United States. But China is traveling in her own way. . . ." And then our first course was served. It turned out to be "Forepleasure Soup," a broth of lamb and lemon, that made me think of morning soups on ocean liners, other banquets, other overtures —a taste not quite sensuously rich, but awakening.

Long before I crossed the narrow railroad bridge at Shumchun, turning my back on the Queen of England's photo and walking toward the limpid red flag on the Liberation side, I had traveled through old China in books and museums. But history books are full of facts not flesh, and museums are full of treasures one would never wish to cast away. In China, as the land—brown wheat, green rice, spiny hills—unfolded before us, terrible scenes kept playing themselves in my mind. Canton, for example, is now a quite modern city with wide boulevards and pompous Russian-designed monuments. Its notorious tangle of alleyways and wretched mud huts have been bulldozed out of existence. They were, however, all that the Westerners who came to China in the early 1800's saw. The old execution ground stood near the foreign warehouses, a plot of earth soaked in blood. To these swampy, unhealthy southern shores pushed the British gunboats bristling with cannon to "open China." But beyond the gates of China stretched the plains, for decade after decade exposing their burden of the dead—twenty million in the rebellions of the 1850's, then as the land baked and cracked and rejected the rivers spreading out as if over stone, millions more perished until the only survivors were near skeletons living on grass and clay and bark.

More lay ahead. As I looked at the solemn, straw-hatted, Bruegel-ish country people of north China, their coarser features molded by all the genes of the northern deserts, it sometimes came to me like a hallucination that these same studious eyes and wide jaws were those of the Boxers, who massacred all the foreigners in north China until the Powers came in and retaliated with an orgy of punitive looting and extortion.

In Shanghai we were offered for sale a heap of old Mandarin coats. I tried them on, thick silks and satins embroidered with silver peacocks and purple peonies. But I could not buy one, for the ghosts of those looters breathing down my neck. Nor could I buy the Siberian tiger skin sewn onto red velvet (nor the tiny piece of jade marked $50,000). I took instead a few Ch'ing hair ornaments, blue enameled butterflies, birds and flowers with trembling copper antennae and stamens. These were wrapped in paper packets that I could carry out across the border without feeling I had broken into the coffers of Cathay.

Much of what young China has rejected is symbolized by those frail hair ornaments: the woman imprisoned in her sensuality, kept as a plaything. Today's friendly yet uncoquettish girls—in sexless Peter Pan blouses, their hair in braids pulled back from unmade-up faces, leaning against one another and whispering about the strange foreigner with her bracelets and sleeveless dress—are the changeling children of the child prostitutes of old Shanghai, carried through the lamplit streets on palanquins, and the Flower Girls of old Canton, singing in their boats on the Pearl River. And also of the eight-year-old girls suffering and sometimes dying of gangrene while their feet were being broken (missionary doctors recorded a special pallor and hollow-eyed expression in the early stages of footbinding). And also of the ones newborn, who were deposited in "Infant Towers" or in the rivers.

"When our first course was served, it turned out to be Forepleasure Soup"

One learns to see the modern Chinese woman's gravity and "puritanism," and even her rejection of childbearing and child-nurturing, against this background (Continued on page 39)



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By Allene Talmey

VOGUE POLITICS

Presidential election in '76, pension plans any time

SEN. JACKSON'S CLOUT

When I recently asked Senator Henry "Scoop" Jackson, of Washington, if he were the most powerful man in the Democratic Party, he showed healthy disbelief: "No one objects to flattery. I haven't much modesty left in me but still some. Power over Democrats is illusive."

At sixty-two, Senator Jackson has behind him twelve years in the House, twenty-two in the Senate, holds now four formidable Senate chairmanships—of the Interior Committee, of the Committee on Nuclear Test Ban Treaty Safeguards on Armed Services, of the Energy Committee of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, and of the Permanent Investigations Committee of Government Operations. A brain on defense and energy, Jackson refused President Nixon's offer to be Secretary of Defense. A colleague said: "Scoop doesn't sort bird feathers in committee."

Reassuring, effective, not to be trifled with, the Senator walks fast, thinks fast, and looks as though he had been put through a compactor, coming out powerful and shorter. His detractors call him "the Senator from Boeing," say his face is open but his mind half-closed, that he suffers from a charisma deficiency. In Washington State, charisma is not an issue, for he won 82 percent of the votes there in 1970. That is clout.

An early ecologist, a warming environmentalist, Jackson set up the Environment Protection Act. When the Alaskan pipeline came up again in 1973, Senator Jackson tried to keep his ecologists happy and the consortium of oil companies contented by revising the law on leasing federal lands. He lost; the pipeline work is now under way, without environmental safeguards, from the North Slope to Valdez. Although a notable supporter of Israel, he keeps his Arabian fences in shape by visiting Saudi Arabia, by talks with King Faisal and King Hussein. He knows a sheikh or two.

Last May, Senator Jackson, a Vietnam hawk, joined Senator John C. Stennis, Democrat of Mississippi, and a rigid knot of Republicans on the losing side of the Administration request for $266 million more for military aid to South Vietnam. The vote: 43 to 38, with Senator Kennedy on the winning side.

No one writes about Jackson without mentioning the Presidency in 1976 and his chances. I got bored reading pitiful press reports that he lacks humor—as though he might run against Johnny Carson. Charles II said of Nell Gwyn: "She has a pretty wit." The Senator has wit but not yocks.

PENSION RIP-OFF

Among the mean and simpler con games, less complicated than the pea-and-shell swindle, are some pension plans. At last, Congress has passed pension-reform bills, the Senate one somewhat freer and better than the House bill: both contain vesting provisions, but only the Senate one has portability. Both now go into conference to refine the differences.

For women who work, for widows and widowers, for the young of both sexes, the final bill to come out of conference will be a Batman leap forward. (In the conference there are fourteen House members, one of them Martha Griffiths, Democrat of Michigan, and nine Senators.) Although both bills include mandatory survivors' benefits, the House bill with a touch of loony fundamentalism bans marriage within five years of collecting such benefits; the Senate bill has no marriage ban at all.

To see that women get a hand up in Congress in such matters as the pension reform bills, the Women's Lobby, Inc. keeps a full-time registered lobbyist there; she is Carol Burris, who wanders down the marbled, endless, airless corridors of the Hill, understanding the problems of the legislators, pressing their aides to insert women's rights in bills. She's a sharp breeze. ▽

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Car exercises for busy people and equipment for everyone

No time is no excuse when it comes to looking after your body. There's an exercise or equipment for everyone, however busy her life . . . Jane Powell, star of *Irene*, has little time to herself and little patience for anyone who thinks she has the best excuse for not taking exercise.

Small (5′1½″) and spritely, Jane has always appreciated that, for her, diet and exercise have to be an essential part of her life. . . . Even a fraction of an inch over her ideal measurements shows. To that end, she has a disciplined and realistic approach to keeping in shape. First is her concern with correct posture. Jane always "thinks tall," not to get away from her lack of height but to have a constant awareness of her body.

"Exercise is a job that has to be done. It's no good thinking of it as fun, better regard it as a vital habit like brushing one's teeth." Every morning Jane spends 15 minutes on stretching exercises at home, twice a week goes to a dance/exercise class to increase stamina, mobility. "Energy makes energy," she says. When the day is packed, she practices "car exercises"—devised by her to use every spare moment spent at red lights, in traffic jams, to work out at the wheel. Apart from relaxing muscles that get tensed during long or frequent spells of driving, car exercises help to keep her alert. She keeps the safety belt on to provide good resistance, making muscles work harder against the strain. As Jane says, "Exercise, exertion, and relaxation have to be properly balanced to get maximum results."

SITTING CORRECTLY



RELAXING SHOULDERS



ROTATING MIDRIFF



KEITH TRUMBO

CAR COURTESY OF CITROËN

Above from left to right: *Jane assumes the correct posture position for alert driving: back is absolutely straight, shoulders down, not hunched. Jane puts her hand behind her back to test straightness of spine before moving back against the seat; then she relaxes her shoulders to ease tension by rolling them up towards her ears, back and around. Last, she works on her midriff area by gripping the wheel for support, swiveling her midriff from side to side, keeping hips and shoulders stable. This is a particularly difficult exercise to execute without a car, as you need the wheel and safety belt to hold the rest of the body steady. Naturally, all movements are performed when the car is completely stopped—at lights or parked.*

Equipment for fitness

Footprints in the sand You can utilize walking time to exercise leg muscles and correct posture and back problems by wearing the Kalso Earth Shoe, designer Anna Kalso believes. After studying a foot imprint in the sand, Anna Kalso noticed that the heel of the foot bears the weight of the body . . . from this it was an easy step to create a line of shoes and boots with a "Minus-Heel." The heel of the Earth Shoe is lower than the toe part, making leg muscles work harder and taking the burden of body weight off the back, she says. Write to 257 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10010.

Power to the People Another form of transportation provides a good opportunity to exercise you and a friend. It's the PPV (People Powered Vehicle), a kind of bicycle car that seats two and is propelled by you. At $450 (at Hammacher Schlemmer), it may not be everyone's next purchase, but if you consider the savings you'll make on gas and the benefits to your body. . . .

Oar Deal Row, row, row your oaring machine. . . . The Vita Master Co., 164 Wallabout Street, Brooklyn, New York, has a professional rower that can be used at home at any time by weary people. Equipped with oars, seat, and foot hold, the rower helps strengthen muscles from the shoulders to the ankles. $375.

Cheap Leaps Jumping rope is an excellent way to unwind and build stamina as you increase your leaps. Thirty-nine cents at the dime store can't be too much to invest in your health.

FLEXING HAND AND FOOT



Above, *Jane extends her left leg and arm as straight as room permits, flexing both hand and foot and holding to a count of ten. She then repeats the movement with her right arm and leg.*

All The Great Americans

All At I.Magnin



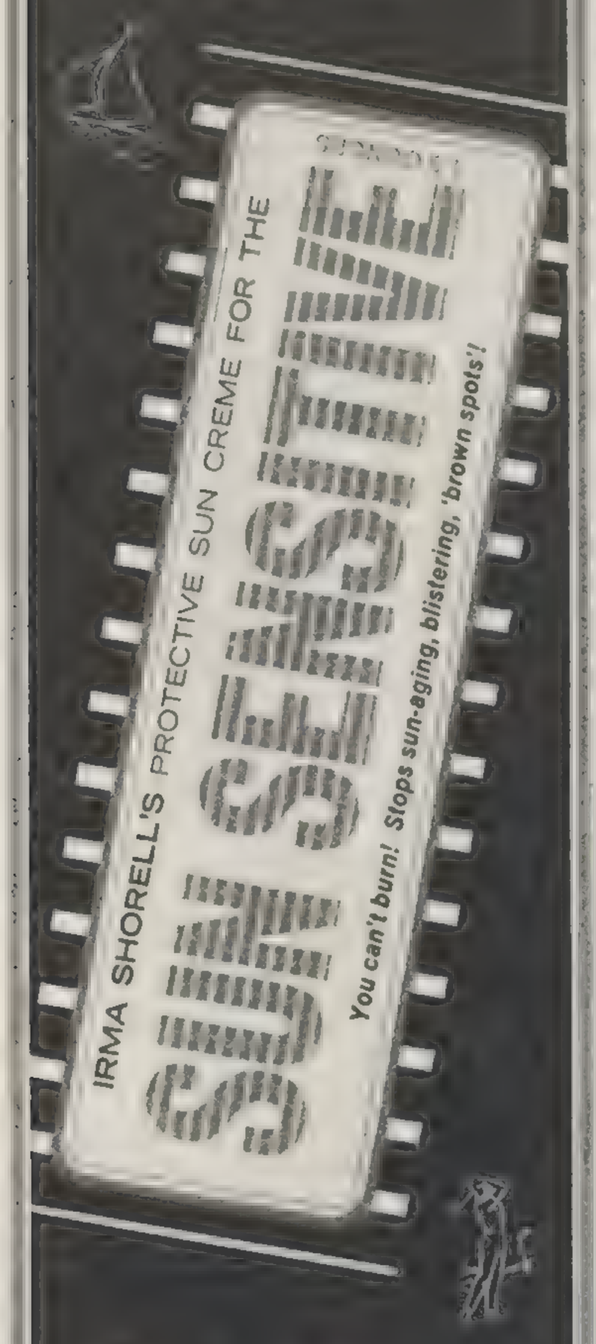
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VOGUE **BEAUTY** CHECKOUT

Do-it-yourself beauty—ideas and advice from experts that you can follow at home

There will be a number of experts in the beauty world on Barbara Walters' **Not For Women Only** program this month. They are there to impart some of their own tips and tricks to viewers—to show women that a do-it-yourself beauty program is feasible and practical for women on the go (like Barbara) . . . if you're prepared to listen and learn from those who really know how.

Barbara asks each of her guest experts to cover in turn all the essential aspects—skin care, makeup, hair care, hair coloring, diet, and exercise.

On the skin-care and makeup side, experts are **Pablo,** creative director of Elizabeth Arden, and **Georgette Klinger,** noted for her skin-care salon and treatment products. Pablo's contribution includes a strong plea for more natural-looking makeup "with neutral and pastel eye shadows, brown liner—never black, unless you're Sicilian or a Black woman—plus light brown around the eyes to minimize puffiness," and his direct advice to Barbara . . . to bleach her eyebrows, which he thinks are too thick and dark. If eyebrows are too obvious, it takes away from a natural makeup.

Gems from Georgette Klinger: a sunlamp can be as bad for skin as real sun; use with great care. Soap and water is good, except for very dry skin. Hair spray can block pores—cover face before spraying. Extremes of water temperature—very hot, very cold—are harmful to the face. Creams should *never* be left on overnight—they do most of their good the first half hour they're on.

The hair experts, who will appear for two days in succession, are **Leslie Blanchard,** top hair colorist (and also Clairol's color consultant); **Paul Mitchell,** specialist in care and cutting; and **Suzanne Chadwick,** a director of International Glemby-Now (see page 104). To illustrate the effects of hair coloring, a woman with uncolored grey hair is shown on the first program; then the next day, with the help of a semipermanent hair color (easily used at home), brown-haired—*and* younger and prettier. When selecting a hair



Barbara Walters, doing a surprise headstand while interviewing exercise experts. With her, Alex Jaskewicz, gym instructor.

shade, Leslie has this word: as hair turns grey, skin pigmentation changes, too, so the original hair color isn't necessarily the one to choose. Instead, it's safer to select a softer, lighter shade. Shampoo-in color is good for home use, when you can retouch it by putting it only on the roots, then—at the last minute—spread it all over just before rinsing out. This keeps color even. Leslie also advises a conditioner after every shampoo, especially if hair is colored.

One way to analyze hair condition is with the Mitchell microscope which, says Paul Mitchell, when photographing a single hair shows whether there's lack of protein, a damaged hair cuticle, or other problems—all this helping Paul to recommend the right corrective treatment. For hair drying: Ms. Chadwick suggests using a round brush to lift hair and curl ends. Direct the dryer over and under each lifted strand, then after it's dry—leave the brush in the curled-over ends for ten seconds longer, to allow the heat from the dryer to go away—otherwise the curl won't hold.

Diet experts on the program are **Dr. Morton Glenn,** formerly of the Obesity Clinic of the Arthur C. Logan Memorial Hospital, and **Theodore Berland,** who wrote *Rating the Diets*—a book that tells what's good, what's not good. Dr. Glenn says the best diet for most people is low fat, moderate carbohydrate, high protein. He stresses the value of learning good eating habits early—ones you can stay with all your life. About Mr. Berland's diet ratings—Weight Watchers is one that's approved. Diets he disapproves of: the Atkins, the Stillman, Zen macrobiotic, the rice diet—or any diet that emphasizes just one food. Some foods are sneaky—catsup, for instance, is loaded with sugar; so is relish. Eat sandwiches open-face, eliminating one slice of bread. Same with hamburgers—eat half the bun. Willpower can be bolstered by joining a diet group—another plus for Weight Watchers.

Exercise expert **Alex Jaskewicz,** of Alex and Walter gym in New York, appears with Vogue's beauty editor **Shirley Lord.** Showstopper for this program: Barbara's headstand—evidence of her own beauty and health discipline which keeps her in such marvelous shape. The minimum for exercise, according to Alex, is ten minutes a day and you think of it like brushing your teeth—it's just part of your life. What you should do: every morning stretching and deep breathing, to limber up. What you shouldn't do: anything too strenuous, too suddenly—you must give muscles a chance to warm up. For arms and bosom, push-ups—the feminine kind where you bend at the waist. For the stomach, sit-ups. For people who sit all day, simple sitting exercises—every thirty minutes contract muscles in buttocks and stomach, then relax them: carried out regularly, this tightens. Also good for sedentary people: ballet classes, belly dancing, *any* dancing. For exercise, as well as for all these beauty plans, here's the guideline: get good advice and supervision if necessary, then keep up the good work every day, at home. ▽



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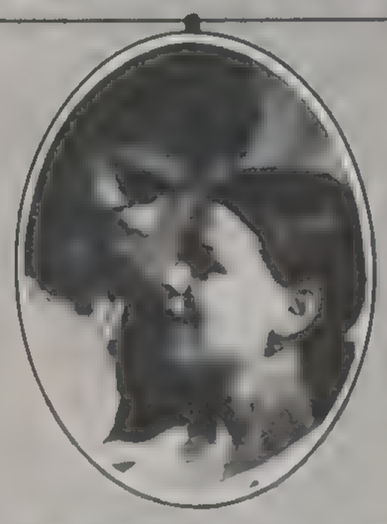
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by

ANN CYNTHIA DIAMOND and SONDRA FORSYTH ENOS

Contributing Editors to *Bride's Magazine*

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What to
see, read, listen to,
and watch for . . .

VOGUE-RATED tip-offs

UPFRONT

movies

★★★ **Zandy's Bride:** Jan Troell who directed *The Emigrants* with such a lavish human touch directed this one, too. A beautiful movie visually, the camera roams over the Big Sur landscape stopping now and then to frame a sunset, a sunrise, the wind blowing through the grass, the ocean capped with frothy waves. Zandy, a frontiersman, is played with rough power by Gene Hackman; and his mail-order bride, by Liv Ullmann. They are always convincing and moving. Eileen Heckart as Zandy's mother is marvelous, as is Susan Tyrrell who comes on as a sexy "other" woman. The dialogue is earthy and witty, though the script is a bit too sentimental for my taste: it begins with a rape and ends with twins and smiles all around. Exciting moments in this film are: A man-to-bear fight to the death (the man wins), the arrival of schooners from San Francisco, and the pounding of dirty clothes in a stream by use of a rock. I'd trade 1974 in New York City any time for life in a log cabin in Big Sur in the 1870's with Liv Ullmann . . . she keeps a clean house and knows how to cook.

★★★ **Ladies and Gentlemen The Rolling Stones:** The Rolling Stones have gathered some moss; their hard-rock exterior has softened with the years. Even the songs heard in the concert/movie seemed sentimental, romantic, *machismo*, and far-far away. Their titles read like a poem:

Brown sugar bitch, gimme
shelter!
Sweet Virginia . . . love in vain,
Can't always get what you want,
Street fighting man . . . rip this
joint!
All down the line: Jumpin'
Jack Flash,
Bye Bye Johnny, tumblin' dice
& DEAD FLOWERS . . .

Yet it's always so sexy to see Mick Jagger moving beneath satin and sash and so wild to feel the beat of R&R in one's own breast. No matter that this is a document signaling the end of an era. When Jimi and Janis went, only Mick was left, and now he plans to unwind his long smooth sash to drag it behind him. Health foods are in, drugs are out and with them the dream-induced state that allows everything but feels nothing, also the frantic state that moves with the speed of speed illuminating nothing. The lobby of the theater where *Ladies and Gentlemen The Rolling Stones* was previewed was full of grapefruits, oranges, juice, cheese, rainbow-colored bread, grapes . . . healthy stuff, the wave of the future: nature and the natural. Good-bye R&R. Hello acoustical guitar, human voice, and intimacy.

—ROSALYN DREXLER

—★ **Andy Warhol's Frankenstein** could better be titled *Necrophiliac's Delight:* it's a *smörgåsbord* of unfunny, graphic, 3-D kinks served up with shovel and pickax by Andy Warhol's director Paul Morrissey; stars Monique Van Vooren and Joe Dallesandro (to indict only a few). Mary Shelley, writer of the original horror-classic, would never recognize her famous monster-child in this abominable cash-in on the scare-movie craze.

Frankenstein has been transformed into a Serbian baron—on the order of that friend-in-infamy Count Dracula—living with his sister/wife and their two creepy children. His thirst for the big G's (gore, guts, and general ghoulishness) is a form of sexual release; to put it politely, he has a somewhat unwholesome fascination with livers, hearts, pancreases, etc. The Baroness gets her kicks with farm boys and Frankenstein's monster. Needless to say, the kiddies are slightly warped by these obsessions and, by the end of the movie, are about to take up their parents' fallen scalpels. If only they'd gotten to the filmstrip first, they could have spared us all and, with blessings, carved away to their little hearts' content.

★★ **That's Entertainment!:** If you are the sort of a person who, when it starts to drizzle, breaks into a few quick bars of "Singin' in the Rain," leaping off lampposts à la Gene Kelly, this film belongs to you. Or if, when you get into anything larger than a ten-foot swimming pool, you become the original *Bathing Beauty*, rippling and pirouetting as only Esther Williams could, or you still fantasize about Clark Rhett Butler Gable carrying you up a winding staircase to rosy bliss in a bedroom above, then this montage of old ('30's-'50's) MGM extravaganzas is a bonanza. It practically beatifies those dear, dead days of movie moguls, massive production numbers, an *in loco parentis* star-system, and the innocence of Judy Garland before she cropped her hair and put on tailored shirts and long black tights.

Each star-segment is first introduced by a narrator such as Elizabeth Taylor, Fred Astaire, Jimmy Stewart, Mickey Rooney, etc., each of whom conveniently stars in another part, with much back-patting and self-serving nostalgia all around. The dialogue is sugary, but their valor sweet; these stars deserve medals for facing a camera that cruelly contrasts their sagging jowls and flagging spirits with the bright eyes they all once had.

—KATHLEEN MADDEN



Liv Ullmann time. You'll see Norway's greatest in 3 movies, 1 play. Above, *the films:* top, *she's* Zandy's Bride—*a beautiful survivor;* center, *she's the seeking heart of Bergman's* Scenes from a Marriage; bottom, *she's Queen Christina, neo-Garbo, in* The Abdication. *Next December, she's Ibsen's Nora,* A Doll's House, *onstage, U.S.A.—L.L.*

books

★★★★ **The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence** by Victor Marchetti and John D. Marks (Alfred A. Knopf). This significant book, with its marked, censored deletions by the CIA indicated by blanked pages, explains in overpowering detail that the CIA's basic mission is that of "clandestine operations, particularly covert action—the secret intervention in the internal affairs of other nations." As major examples, the authors go into CIA transactions in Chile, Bolivia, Laos, Iran, Vietnam, and other countries, noting that these activities, well-known in the countries of origin, are secret only in the United States. In his years at the CIA, Marchetti, who resigned late in 1969, had been executive assistant to the deputy director and at one point the CIA's leading expert on Soviet military aid to the countries of the Third World; Marks, a former State Department man who spent some time with a White House study group in 1970, worked later as executive assistant to Senator Clifford Case of New Jersey on legislation to end the war and to limit the intelligence community. The entire intelligence forces—(Continued on page 20)


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Christmas Catalogue

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 Continued from page 18

Army, Navy, Air Force, FBI, State Department, and CIA, with a couple of others—spend $6 billion a year. Sometimes they work together on temporary assignments, but usually not: sometimes the temporary lasts. As a State man said: "Nothing endures like the ephemeral."

Among the more powerful chapters is one called "The Clandestine Mentality" in which the authors describe it as "a separation of personal morality and conduct from actions, no matter how debased, which are taken in the name of the United States government and, more specially, the Central Intelligence Agency." That mentality led to President Nixon's approval of the Tom Charles Huston dangerous plan for domestic surveillance of U.S. citizens in July, 1970; from that descended the Plumbers. (The President five days later rescinded the plan.) That mentality led to the countenancing of CIA counterterrorism in Vietnam—assassination, kidnapping, torture against the Vietcong, carried out by Vietnamese nationals, supervised by CIA men. The torture included attaching electric wires to a man's genitals and then turning the crank. That was part of the CIA Phoenix program which the Vietnamese government credited with 40,994 killings of Vietcong. The plan came out of William Colby's office in 1967; Colby is now the director of the CIA.

The ostensible purpose of the CIA is to collect intelligence, raw, miscellaneous; but it collects so much raw intelligence that part of it is rarely, if ever, seen, once it is typed up. Too often the intelligence is such garbage that Presidents ignore it, the CIA forgets it, and even a Galápagos tortoise wouldn't touch it. The storage costs millions.

Documented in this book are such canapés of information as these: In the Congo war, the CIA flew its own B-26 aircraft on regular bombing missions against rebel areas; the Nung tribesmen (CIA mercenaries) refused to go into remote areas of Indochina unless supplied by CIA bars and brothels; and CIA advisers helped the Bolivian military track down and execute the Cuban Che Guevara in Bolivia.

Although President Kennedy took complete responsibility for the 1961 Bay of Pigs three months after his inauguration, the disaster began, according to Marchetti and Marks, in 1959 when Allen Dulles, then head of the CIA, "decided that the best solution to the Cuban problem would be to invade Cuba with an army of Cuban refugees and to overthrow Castro. . . . In March 1960, President Eisenhower, at Dulles' urging and Dulles' facts at hand, gave his approval for the CIA to start recruiting and training. . . ." Late in 1961 President Kennedy, the book notes, appointed a four-man committee to study U.S. intelligence; the men, General Maxwell Taylor, Robert Kennedy, Allen Dulles, and Naval Chief Admiral Arleigh Burke. Their principal recommendation: "The CIA should not undertake future operations where weapons larger than hand guns would be used."

The authors constructed a weapon larger than a hand gun.

★★**The Best** by Peter Passell and Leonard Ross (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). The title is a deliberate absurdity as the choices are biased, illogical, and amusing. For each, the short, informal explanations are felicitous. To Passell and Ross the best book of the Bible is Job, the best meal in Israel is fresh fruit, the best private jet under a million is the Gates Learjet, and the best strawberry preserves are Dickenson's Fancy. The best example of analytic thought is this by Gerald R. Ford: "Whenever a person is called upon to make a speech, the first question that enters his mind is 'What shall I talk about?' "

★ **Flying** by Kate Millett (Alfred A. Knopf). She might have been called The Heartbreak Kid. She calls herself one of the star-crazies of the women's movement, suffering rococo anxieties over her publicity and her bisexuality. In this book, she describes a recent momentous year of her life: it was not wanton and free but dangerous, frightening, difficult. For me, the book is too long, too confused, too possessed, too cruel, grandiose, pretentious in a literary honest way. Beleaguered by women, put down by men, heroic in a clap clinic. Ridiculous . . . and yet.

★★★ **Memoirs of a Scam Man** by Patsy Anthony Lepera and Walter Goodman (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). A scam is a con. Between his scams in stolen securities and his vocabulary, Lepera is a dazzler who eventually went to prison, but not for his most extravagant cons. For carelessness. In his good days, Lepera explains: ". . . I was getting stocks from Jack Mace in New York. He was a big-time supplier. It was Jack who handled the 900 shares of IBM that was stole right out of the vaults of E.F. Hutton, the New York brokers, in 1968 and wound up in Bebe Rebozo's bank in Key Biscayne. The stuff was worth over $300,000. . . . Mace sold it to a couple of mob guys—

(Continued on page 38)

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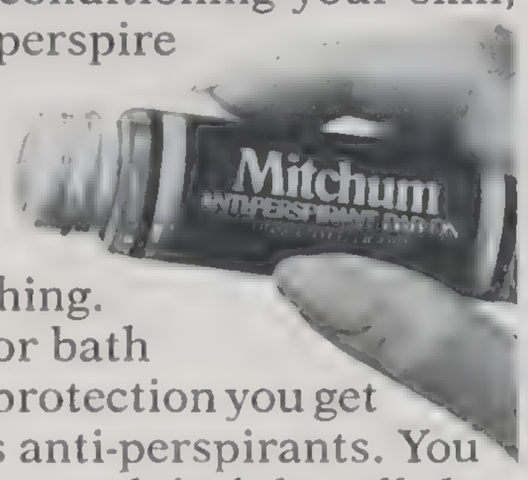
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How do Mitchum anti-perspirants work?

The Mitchum Method is a unique method of applying an effective anti-perspirant. Mitchum. It's *most* effective when you use Mitchum Anti-Perspirant Dab-On or Cream. You apply either one at *night* before you go to bed. So that Mitchum's two anti-perspirant ingredients have a whole night's time to work their benefits into your skin. Pre-conditioning your skin, at a time when you're apt to perspire least, to cope with the stress and strain of tomorrow, when you perspire most.



In the morning, you'll be ready for just about anything. Even your morning shower or bath *won't wash away* the all-day protection you get after a night with Mitchum's anti-perspirants. You can wash, towel yourself dry, and *feel* dry all day. Without the need for anti-perspirant refreshment.

Will Mitchum Dab-On or Cream completely stop perspiration?

First, understand this: you perspire from many areas of your body. (How many times have you mopped your brow?) However, you're particularly aware of perspiration when the glands start gushing under your arms. During times of physical activity, perhaps. Or emotional stress. (No one knows better than you when this perspiration is a problem.)

What Mitchum anti-perspirants do is gently redirect this annoying sweat. It merely leaves through other, less bothersome areas of your body. Don't believe the old wives' tale that if you help stop underarm perspiration, you're doing something unhealthy.

Do you have to use Mitchum, the night-time anti-perspirant, every night?



No. If, at first, you use it four nights in a row, you can occasionally skip a night. And still feel protected the next day. Of course, you may use Mitchum any time of day you prefer. But we recommend night-time application. (This means no rub-off on your clothes the next day, either.)

How can any anti-perspirant so effective be so gentle?

Even though Mitchum Dab-On and Cream contain high percentages of the best anti-perspirant ingredients, aluminum chloride and aluminum chlorohydrate, their formula has been specially *buffered* to help avoid irritation of the skin. They do their work *gently.*



Cream or Dab-On. You choose.
Just pick the form you prefer. But use it at night.
Then say good night—to problem perspiration.

The Mitchum Method. Plan tonight to sweat less tomorrow.

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For instance, unless you have naturally oily hair, you should use a protein conditioner or creme rinse before or while you're at the beach to counter the drying effect of the sun. This is extremely important with delicate or colored hair.

Use a non-detergent shampoo. It won't strip your hair and is less likely to rob it of its natural defenses.

Finally, if at all possible, rinse your hair with regular water after bathing in salt or chlorinated water. It only takes a few minutes but will save you hours of grief.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF HAIRSTYLES.

By and large, this season's hairstyles are fairly easy to take care of at the beach.

Most long hairstyles are cut to an even length which lets you gather the hair in back when it's wet. Also, after rinsing your hair, you can use your head as a giant roller by wrapping your hair around it and securing it with a towel.

(By the way, if you have long hair, the beach is no place for a brush. Use a wide-tooth comb.)

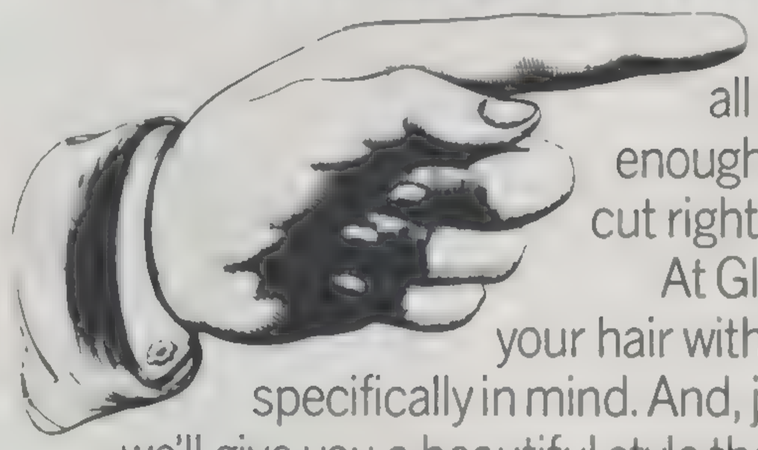
As for short hair, we're cutting it away from the face in fairly even layers and short at the nape.

It looks as good wet as it does dry and you're less likely to get suntan lotion all over it.

Spit curls are becoming popular too. And even though the water takes them out, you can put them right back in.



BEFORE YOU TAKE YOUR HAIR TO THE BEACH, TAKE IT TO US.



Needless to say, all of this advice isn't enough if your hair isn't cut right in the first place. At Glemby, we'll style your hair with the summer specifically in mind. And, just as important, we'll give you a beautiful style that you can keep looking beautiful on your own. Which means we take into consideration the kind of hair you have to work with. We find out how much time you can devote to maintenance, and how well you actually manage your own hair. (If we think you need help, we'll even give you free instructions.)

So before we even pick up a pair of scissors, we make sure we know as much about your hair as you do. Which seems pretty basic to us, but how many other stylists take the time and trouble?

One last thing: We suggest you try our new Glemby Pros Instant Hair Treatment. It penetrates the hair shaft, so there's no sticky residue to absorb moisture or attract dirt and dust. What's more, it leaves your hair tangle-free and provides a protective shield against the heat of blow-drying.

It's probably the best decision you'll make, next to coming to Glemby in the first place.

GLEMBY

START YOUR SUMMER OFF RIGHT AT ANY OF OUR 600 HAIR SALONS LISTED ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE!

START YOUR SUMMER OFF RIGHT AT THE GLEMBY NEAREST YOU.

Alabama: Burger Phillips—Holmes—Loveman's.

Arizona: Diamond's—Sears: *Phoenix.*

Arkansas: Sears: *Little Rock.*

California: Bullock's North—Harris'—Henshey's—I. Magnin—Joseph Magnin.

Colorado: Broadmoor Hotel—The Denver—Joseph Magnin.

Connecticut: Howland's—Macy's—The Edw. Malley Co.—W. W. Mertz.

Delaware: John Wanamaker—Sears: *Wilmington.*

District of Columbia: Woodward & Lothrop—Kann's—Mayflower Hotel.

Florida: Jordan Marsh: *Miami, Ft. Lauderdale, Orlando*—Furchgott's: *Daytona*—Mass Brothers: *St. Petersburg, Westshore Plaza*—Sears: *Jacksonville.*

Georgia: Davison's—Sears: *Atlanta, Columbus, Savannah.*

Hawaii: Liberty House.

Illinois: Bergner's—Bonwit Teller: *N. Michigan Ave.*—Carson Pirie Scott—Drake Hotel—Korvettes—I. Magnin—Myers Bros.—Read's—Robert Hall Village—Chas. V. Weise—Wieboldt's—Younkers.

Indiana: Carson Pirie Scott—DeJong's—Hutner's.

Iowa: Younkers.

Kansas: Sears: *Overland Park.*

Kentucky: Shillito's—Almart—Gus Mayer.

Louisiana: Holmes—Sears: *Baton Rouge.*

Maine: B. Peck's.

Maryland: Benjamin's—Hecht *(downtown Baltimore only)*—Hochschild Kohn—Korvettes—Lits—Woodward & Lothrop.

Massachusetts: Bon Marche—Forbes & Wallace—Gilchrist's—Grover Cronin—Howland's—Jordan Marsh: *Boston, Malden, Worcester*—Parke Snow's—Ritz Carlton Hotel—Steiger's—Wilson's.

Michigan: Crowley's: *Birmingham, Farmington*—Hudson's—Korvettes—Sears: *Livonia, Roseville, Troy.*

Minnesota: Field-Schlick—Young Quinlan—Powers.

Missouri: Famous Barr—Heer's.

Nebraska: Ben Simon's.

Nevada: Joseph Magnin.

New Jersey: B. Altman & Co.—Abraham & Straus—Arnold Constable—Epstein's—Franklin Simon—Hahne's—Korvettes—Levy Bros.—Lits—Meyer Brothers—Nevius-Voorhees—Sears: *Moorestown, Wayne*—Steinbach's—Stern's—John Wanamaker.

New York: Bergdorf Goodman—B. Altman & Co.—Abraham & Straus—Adam Meldrum & Anderson—Almart—Boston Store—Bresee's—Carl Company—Edwards—Flahs: *DeWitt*—Franklin Simon—Garber's—Hens & Kelly—Howland's—Korvettes—Luckey Platt—McCurdy's—Macy's: *New Rochelle, Smithhaven*—Sears: *Albany, White Plains*—Sibley's—Up-to-Date—Wallace Co.—John Wanamaker.

North Carolina: John Carroll—Franklin Simon—Meyer's—Miller & Rhoads.

North Dakota: Herbst Store.

Ohio: Almart: *Youngstown*—Franklin Simon—Gregg's—Higbee's—Hudson's—Lamson's—Lazarus—The Leader—May Co.—O'Neil's—The Rappold Co.—Rike's—Robert Hall Village—Shillito's—Stern and Mann's—Strouss—The Union.

Oklahoma: Vandever's—John A. Brown: *Tulsa.*

Oregon: Lipman's.

Pennsylvania: B. Altman & Co.—Bonwit Teller—Bethlehem Hotel—Boston Store—Carlisle's—Cox's—Fowler, Dick & Walker—Gimbel's: *Harrisburg, Lancaster*—Hochschild Kohn—Lits—Lady Bug: *Allentown, Bethlehem, Broomall*—Oppenheim's—Ormond's: *Lancaster*—Robert Hall Village—Sears: *Allegheny Center*—Schleisner's—Strouss—John Wanamaker—C. K. Whitner—Zollinger Harned.

Rhode Island: Jordan Marsh—Peerless.

South Carolina: Davison's.

Tennessee: Almart—Cain-Sloan Co.—Franklin Simon: *Memphis*—Loveman's: *Chattanooga.*

Texas: Battelstein's—Joske's: *Houston*—McClurkans—The Popular—Scarbrough's—Sears: *Houston (Westwood), Dallas (Mesquite), San Antonio (Central Park).*

Virginia: Corner House—Globman's—Kann's—Korvettes—Miller & Rhoads—Rices/Nachmans—Robert Hall Village—Sears: *Virginia Beach*—Woodward & Lothrop.

Washington: Bon Marche—I. Magnin.

West Virginia: Stone & Thomas: *Charleston, Wheeling*—Jones.

Wisconsin: Boston Store—Chas. V. Weise.

Puerto Rico: Sears: *Bayamon.*

Canada: Eaton's: *Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick*—The Bay: *Alberta, British Columbia, Manitoba, Saskatchewan*—Simpsons-Sears: *Alberta, British Columbia, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Saskatchewan*—Dupuis—Ogilvy's: *Ottawa*—Paquet's—Pollack's—Wood Bros.—Zellers: *Ontario.*

Mexico—Mexico City: El Palacio de Hierro—Sears: *Insurgentes, Ejercito, Universidad, Ciudad Satelite.*

United Kingdom: Fenwick's: *London, Oxford*—Miss Selfridge: *London, Southhampton, Brighton, Watford*—Whitleys: *London*—Bentalls: *Bracknell*—Debenhams: *Bromley*—Brights: *Bournemouth, Bristol*—Cavendish House: *Cheltenham*—Arding & Hobbs: *Clapham Junction*—Allders: *Croyden*—Dingles: *Plymouth, Exeter*—Binns: *Hull*—Morgan Squire: *Leicester*—Welwyns: *Welwyn Garden City*—Williams & Griffin: *Colchester*—R.W. Forsythe: *Edinburgh, Scotland.*

Eire: Munster Arcade: *Cork*—Brown Thomas: *Dublin.*

Denmark: Illum's.

Holland: deBijenkorf: *Rotterdam.*

Australia: David Jones, Ltd.: *Sydney, Canberra, Adelaide, Brisbane.*

South Africa: Greatermans: *Johannesburg.*

GLEMBY

VOGUE READY **BEAUTY**

Summer treats that are also treatments—natural benefits your skin needs now

The nature-based treatment products available now often smell so appetizing, you'd almost like to eat them . . . but despite their fresh fruit and vegetable aromas, these creams and lotions are for external feeding only. Some of the most effective ones around come from **Orjene,** a long-standing maker of natural beauty products (they call themselves the granddaddy of it all, having started in 1928); who make a whole shelfful of treatments you'll find in health-food stores. Among their best sellers: Avocado 7 Oils—a light blend of organic oils from avocado, safflower, sesame, sunflower, peanut, olive, wheat germ—which cleanses, moisturizes, softens. Also, creams containing vitamin A or E, and their entire Apricot Kernel Oil collection that was introduced last year—eleven products for skin, hair, bath, all with the tangy fragrance and vitamin A benefits of apricots. A whole fruit-basket of other essences comes from **Nature's Garden,** a subsidiary of Orjene. They, too, deal in apricots, as well as lemons, strawberries, peaches, grapefruit, *et al.*—in a collection of treatments for skin and hair that are gentle and effective (there's even a Tutti-Fruitti Freshener that combines the essences of various tropical fruits).

From "I," a beauty-making company specializing in natural ingredients (meaning definitely non-synthetic) and neat ideas, there are two more kinds of news: Strawberry Jelly, a moisturizer that smells so good you'll have to fight against spreading it on toast. And their Pocketful of I, called a Face in a Box—moisturizer, foundation, eye-lighter, pink and bronze colorings, an overall gleamer, all in stick-forms in a small fliptop box.

A garden variety of helps for hair comes from **Love**—Natural Essence Shampoos, made from honeydew melon, milk and honey, or mint, and a conditioning rinse that contains cucumber extract and vinegar. Each one also contains protein, and they all look and smell beautiful. Another nature trip for hair is Sweet Earth Shampoo from **Coty,** in three outdoorsy fragrances—flowers, woods, or herbs. Follow-up for this is Sweet Earth Conditioning Rinse which maintains manageability, shine, and the right pH balance.

Four kinds of natural clear soap come from Los Angeles, made by **Organic Aid.** All contain vitamin E, glycerin, protein, vegetable and coconut oils, plus various essences—herbs, fruits, or musk. For face or bath, skin softens up and enjoys them all. Jumping back to Long Island, a company there called **Pamdora** is in partnership with nature making a wide variety of skin products. Especially pleasant are the lemon moisturizer, the cucumber cleanser, and a strawberry cream made with avocado and safflower oils.

All these delicious ideas lead us to lip-smacking, and that's where **Bonne Bell** comes in—with Lip-Smackers. Not lipsticks, these are lip-protectors, made from natural ingredients to give your lips a soft moist gloss. They also contain a built-in sunscreen—ideal for beach days. Three juicy flavors here: Green Apple, Strawberry, Lemon, all packaged in the appropriate color.

After concentrating on external forms of natural beauty treatments, why not think of putting some natural and appetizing help *inside* you too? In the form of yogurt, for instance—which not only brings you a complex of B vitamins, but also helps your system make more of them. Yogurt is a ready source of protein and calcium, helps digestion and the absorption of iron. As we all know, **Dannon** makes it in a lot of luscious flavors. ▽

Skin Life Deep Moisture Colors. A revolution for lips and eyes.
Color that's also a treatment.

We have used the science of biogenics to develop colors that care. That treat your delicate lips and lids to moisturizers, emollients and our unique Skin Life bio-complex called GAM.

GAM is the basis of our Skin Life biological beauty treatments, which help to get your skin looking fresher, brighter, younger.

So for the first time, you not only look prettier, you're becoming prettier when you wear Skin Life Deep Moisture Colors.

Luminous plains or frosts for your lips.

Crease-free shades for your eyes.



©Helena Rubinstein Inc. 1974

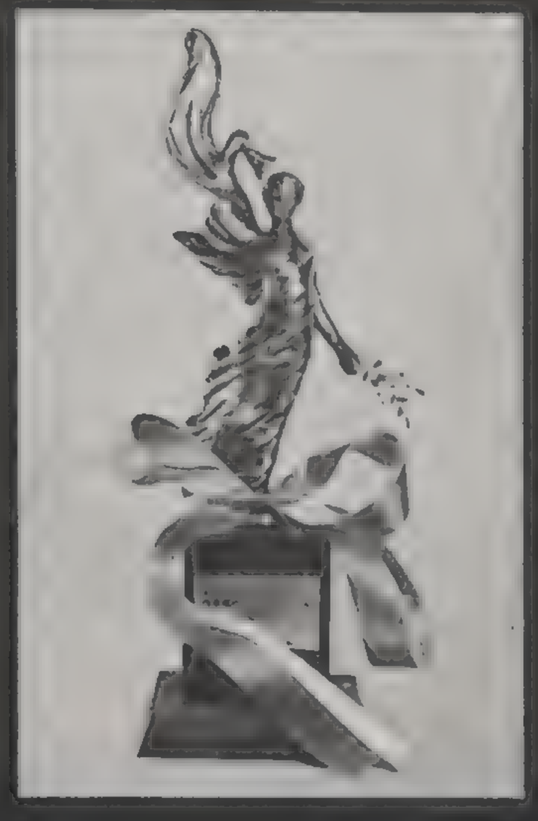
Helena Rubinstein/the science of beauty

KANEBO

Win a free trip to Japan plus ¥1,000,000

Kanebo Japan Prize Design Contest

The Kanebo Japan Prize Contest is the largest fashion design competition held annually in Japan under the sponsorship of Kanebo, Ltd. A pace setter in the Japanese fashion industry, Kanebo, Ltd., has sponsored the contest to give rising designers opportunities to display their work and advance in their careers.



'74 Kanebo fashion festival.



Grand Prize-winning design in the 1974 Kanebo Japan Prize contest.

Categories

Section A (Ladies' wear):
Personal design or *haute couture* design suitable for high quality fashions
1. Daytime wear
2. Cocktail dress, Evening dress

Section B:
Product design or *prêt à porter* design suitable for mass produced fashions
1. Ladies' town wear
2. Men's town wear
3. Casual wear for men and women
4. Uniform for men and women
5. Children's wear

Qualification of participants

The Kanebo Japan Prize Contest is open to anyone interested in fashion design.

Screening

1. There will be a preliminary screening of design sketches.
2. For the final screening, made-up designs will be judged.

The designs shall be made up in accordance with the size specified by Kanebo and shall be made of fabrics chosen by the participants. Kanebo will bear the cost of the fabric material. The rest of the cost, finishing, accessories, etc., shall be at the expense of participants.

Guidelines for participants

● Drawings should be design sketches not previously submitted anywhere else for any purpose.
● Participants may enter up to three drawings for each category; Twenty-one will be accepted in total.
● Drawing paper should be about 36cm long by 26cm wide (about 14 inches x 10 inches) with a swatch of the material chosen (4cm x 4cm or 1.5 inches x 1.5 inches). A back view of the design should be included. Designs shall be drawn in color.
● The category for which each design is intended should be clearly indicated in the upper left-hand corner of each drawing.
● Designs for the Uniform category should also be labeled with information as to the occupation or activity for which they are intended. This information should appear in the upper left-hand corner of the paper directly below the category designation.
● On the back of each design, please write in block letters your name, age, sex, occupation, address and phone number together with the category for which the design is being submitted and the name of the fabric material.

Closing date: August 31, 1974

Contest participants should send their entries to, or request further information from, the nearest of the following addresses.

Kanebo Japan Prize Contest
c/o Kanebo New York Office
36th Floor, Empire State Bldg., 350 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10001, U.S.A.

Kanebo Japan Prize Contest
c/o Kanebo Los Angeles Office
Crocker-Citizens Plaza, Suite 830, 611 West 6th St.
Los Angeles, California 90017, U.S.A.

Announcement

Winners and their works will be announced on January 30, 1975, at the "1975 Kanebo Fashion Festival" at the Tokyo Imperial Theater.

Awards	Section A	Section B
Kanebo Japan Grand Prize	$3,300 (1 person)	$3,300 (1 person)
Gold Medal Award	$1,980 (1 person)	$1,980 (4 persons)
Silver Medal Award	$990 (2 persons)	$990 (5 persons)
Bronze Medal Award	$660 (4 persons)	$660 (8 persons)

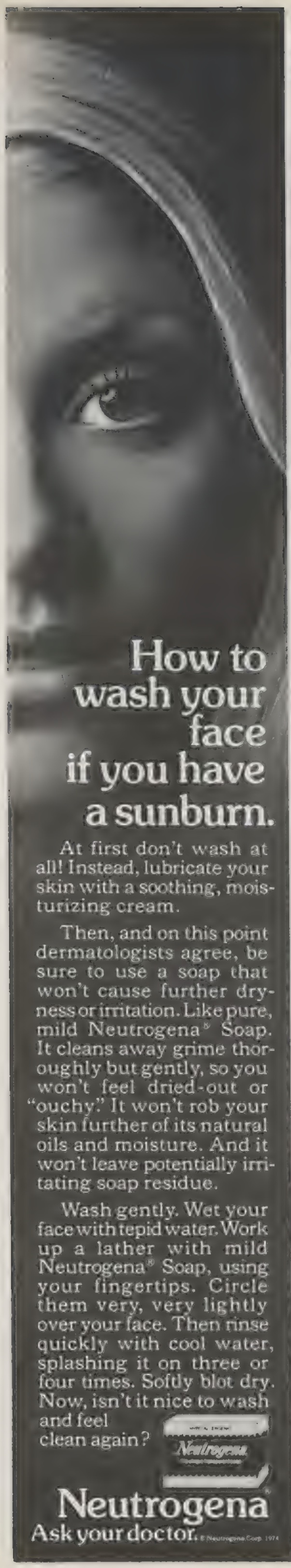
At Yen 300 = $1 US

Winners of the Grand Prizes will be invited to view the Kanebo Fashion Festival.

Rights to the designs

1. All designs submitted shall become the property of Kanebo, Ltd.
2. Design sketches and prize-winning works, including accessories, shall not be returned to the participants.

KANEBO
Life-Oriented



VOGUE READY

BEAUTY

Where to go to find the salons that supply exactly what you want

If you're addicted to the wash-and-blow-dry type of hairstyle and walk into **Enrico Caruso** (110 E. 55th St., New York City), you'd get what you want upstairs at The Trimmers section; for a traditional shampoo-and-set, you'd stay downstairs, confident no one was going to give you any swift geometric line when your head was turned. . . . What is happening at Caruso is now happening all over the country. Hairdressing talent in salons is being divided into groups and labeled —one group to look after the free and easy blow-dry styling, the other for conventional setting and drying—all to insure that the customer has a choice and a chance to get what she wants.

An enormous hair company called **Seligman & Latz** with nearly 700 outlets here and in Europe is right behind the idea—and if you don't know the name, don't be surprised . . . you're more likely to recognize them as The Trimmers or Soul Scissors or The Nippery or The Snippery . . . as the classic chandeliered salon in Harrod's, London's largest department store, or the busy beauty shops of Saks Fifth Avenue located all over the country.

With such a vast organization at work, it wouldn't be surprising if a trend or two got lost somewhere between salons—but that doesn't happen. S. & L., as they're familiarly known, believe in keeping their focus where it belongs—on you—working to make all their salons suit you instead of vice versa and supply the now very varied demands of their customers.

Another way Seligman & Latz turn their size to your advantage is by bringing European hair news here—fast . . . via a snappy "road show" with demonstrators and models, plus a how-to film made in Europe during the ready-to-wear shows. This hits sixty salons across the country within weeks of the European collections, all so you can have a new French-style cut in Darby, Pennsylvania, or a curly head à la Laurent Godefroy in Kalamazoo. (P.S. What the team documented this year: soft curls, waves, bangs, pretty, ultra-feminine styles.)

At the other end of the scale, size-wise, two small beauty businesses are reaching out for you, too. We heard of one via this note from our West Coast watcher: "**Jessica Vartoughian** is the Armenian owner of a superior manicure operation called Nail Clinique, in Beverly Hills (9018 Burton Way) . . . is now considering opening other salons in San Francisco and New York. . . . She has a star-studded client list, a super staff, and legions of devotees after only two years in business."

Jessica came to New York the other day, lived up to every word of praise, and filled us in on her fingernail feelings and doings.

"It's a nail era," she said. "I don't think women have ever been more conscious of their hands—they are so expressive, like eyes. . . . A big help for little weak nails is the tiny paper fibers I glue across the top edge to give strength and protection while they grow. . . ."

Jessica does extraordinary nail "transplants" (attaching real nails to broken or extra-short ones) and just-as-extraordinary manicures. Our favorite is her "natural" nail: after a base coat, she brushes a smooth band of white polish across tip; after a second base coat, she covers the entire nail with nude polish and sealer.

Our last good-for-you news relates to the marvelous products and facial-massage methods of **Dr. N. G. Payot,** a celebrated European doctor. Years ago, as a woman well aware of what other women want, she developed a total beauty regime around hard-working dual-purpose creams and lotions. In typical pioneer fashion, the I. Magnin shops on the West Coast were among the first U.S. stores to carry them, while Rita, a facial expert at Saks Fifth Avenue's New York Beauty Salon, introduced the Payot products and practice to a New York audience. Now, at last, the Dr. Payot products have a home of their own at a new boutique at 320 Park Avenue, New York City 10022, where trained Payot specialists will carry on their founder's good work. ▽

Today she's Ms. And she knows what it means to be the family banker.



In the old days, she was Mrs. And she was kept as far away from the family finances as possible.

Today's homemaker has to be very much a businesswoman. And that means more than juggling schedules and buying meat on sale.

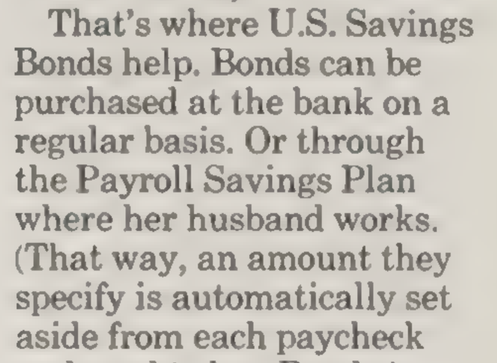
It means seeing that daily expenses are met and making sure there's something saved for the future, too.

That's where U.S. Savings Bonds help. Bonds can be purchased at the bank on a regular basis. Or through the Payroll Savings Plan where her husband works. (That way, an amount they specify is automatically set aside from each paycheck and used to buy Bonds.)

Either way, her business instincts appreciate the interest rate. And it's nice to know Bonds now mature in less than six years.

Best of all, Bonds represent safe, steady savings for her family.

U.S. Savings Bonds. For the woman who's at the heart of her family's finances.



Take stock in America.

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds

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They feel smooth as cream.

A whole new wardrobe of newly-rich eyeshadows. Eighteen fashion-right shades! They glide on airy light, yet feel smooth as cream. Yours to mix or match: soft, subtle Ultra Velvets . . . shimmering Ultra Frosts. See your plain eyes come alive——in a twinkling—with

New Ultra Velvet and Ultra Frost Powder Shadows



It's as if a spoonful of cream has been poured into each powder-patty.

by Maybelline

The magic in eye makeup as easily found

Here's How You Can Sponsor A Child



Here's What You Do

- Fill out your name and address on the coupon.
- Indicate your preference of boy or girl, and country.

Or . . .

- Check the box marked "Choose any child who needs my help," allowing us to assign you a child from our emergency list.
- Enclose your first monthly check. The cost is only $15 each month to help a child who needs you.

Here's What You Will Receive

- In about two weeks you'll receive a Personal Sponsor Folder with photograph and information on the child you sponsor and a description of the project where the child receives help.
- Later on . . . a "welcome letter" from the overseas field office.
- Progress reports on the child when you request them.
- A Christmas greeting from the child.
- The opportunity to write directly to the child. You will be given the mailing address and detailed instructions on mail to your child's country.
- Letters from the child answering your correspondence. You receive the child's original letter and an English translation from an overseas office.
- And the satisfaction that comes from helping a deserving child.

Here's What Your Sponsored Child Receives

- In children's homes: supplementary food, clothing, medical care, and dedicated housemothers.
- In Family Helper Projects: school supplies and clothing, medical assistance, emergency food and shelter, and family guidance from a trained child care worker.
- Special aid depending on the country and the type of project.
- Psychological support because the child knows *you* care.

Sponsors are urgently needed for children in: Brazil, India, Guatemala and Indonesia.

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____
☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay $15 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.
I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.
☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U.S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.

VO1370

By Francesco Waldner

From July 1 through July 31

VOGUE HORO SCOPE

IF YOU WERE BORN WHEN THE SUN WAS IN CANCER: Don't mix your professional and private lives; this would not benefit either of them. Saturn could be a restricting influence, but will also prevent you from making hasty decisions. An excellent Jupiter aspect until March, 1975, means you need have no financial worries. Venus will look after your emotional and social life from July 22nd-August 14th, September 9th-October 2nd, October 27th-November 19th, and January 31st-February 23rd. Take care of your health; don't act impulsively during September 13th-October 28th and January 21st-March 3rd.

Aries MARCH 21—APRIL 20

Much activity, change, travel, and sport. Don't neglect your family life, and try to resolve a long-standing problem that will need patience and goodwill. On the 27th and 28th you may be tempted to spend too much: take care what you buy. A negative Mercury aspect warns to beware of faulty goods and to take care not to be deceived. A good period for your emotional life, and for meeting new people. **My advice:** Concentrate on unexpectedly happy days the 1st-3rd and 6th-8th.

Taurus APRIL 21—MAY 20

You can make excellent property arrangements around the 26th. An older relative will give you sound advice. At home you are rather impatient and unwise. Your emotional life should improve on the 4th, 5th, and 9th when a positive Moon aspect protects you. You may be offered a better job, or given an opportunity to improve your income. Show initiative and calm, and you will overcome a critical Mars, who will try to make you quarrel with the person you love the 6th-8th. **My advice:** Don't let your health suffer owing to impulsiveness and impatience.

Gemini MAY 21—JUNE 21

Discomfort created by Neptune should be overcome by other positive influences. Pursue your interests and hobbies, and relax. If you travel overseas, take the utmost care. You may meet intellectually interesting people, but don't be influenced by them or their unusual way of life. You may have professional and financial problems and possibly legal uncertainties on the 9th, 10th, 22nd, and 23rd. Happy days for people in love are the 6th-9th, 24th, and 25th. **My advice:** Try not to travel during the last five days of the month.

Cancer JUNE 22—JULY 22

In spite of delays, the result of a current project will be excellent. Don't worry if things don't go as planned on the 11th-13th, 24th, or 25th. If there's tension on the 4th, 5th, or the 31st, it will soon be dissipated. Be farsighted and clear-thinking, and you will make a change for the better: discuss matters with a friend. Surprising news affecting your emotional life on the 9th and 10th may be followed by an enjoyable invitation the 26th-28th. **My advice:** Let your cool, objective mind guide you with new proposals.

Leo JULY 23—AUGUST 23

A very busy time, good for anything you can do on your own but not for traveling or collaborating with others unless you exercise great self-control. Try to respect other people's opinions and wishes. It might be advantageous to consult your richer relations. Avoid minor family difficulties about money on the 14th, 15th, 26th, and 27th. Your emotional life should be very happy with particularly good days on the 1st-3rd, 11th, 12th, and 28th-30th. **My advice:** Don't take unnecessary risks.

Virgo AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 23

Make vacation plans now if you want to be with people you like. Try to get away after the 21st; before then you could find it difficult to get along with people. Avoid a serious disagreement with family or colleagues the 1st-3rd, 16th, and 17th, and a minor upset with the person you love on the 28th-30th. Meeting an old friend you haven't seen for quite a time will make the 4th, 5th, 14th, 15th, and 31st all happy days. **My advice:** Try to consolidate your position.

Libra SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23

A good time for making new contacts. An important friendship will prove of value. Pluto and Neptune help you to be original and creative, but difficulties could arise in your day-to-day life if things don't go according to plan. Don't worry; this just isn't a good month for business or financial progress. After a few minor losses on the 4th, 5th, and 18th, and petty annoyances on the 11th-13th, you will have some big successes which will more than compensate. **My advice:** Take extra care in your emotional life after the 21st.

Scorpio OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22

An excellent month for business and finance; you may benefit from a new rule or regulation. On the 9th and 10th you can combine business with pleasure and be successful. Don't make important appointments on the 6th-8th, 14th, or 15th, but try to see people on the 18th and 19th. The 20th-21st could be nasty: don't quarrel with the person you love or act impulsively. The end of the month should be quieter. **My advice:** Look after your health and take advantage of a good Venus aspect on the 22nd to clear up misunderstandings.

Sagittarius NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 21

Vacation before the 27th: afterward, a bad Mars aspect could affect your health. Don't be complacent or too lighthearted about money. Certain people are not to be trusted; be almost over-cautious on the 9th, 10th, 22nd, and 23rd. Ignore conflict in your emotional life and avoid quarrels; you can prevent a lot of unhappiness. Take advantage of good Moon aspects the 11th-13th and enjoy the weekend of the 20th-21st without worrying about what you should have done. Do it Monday instead. **My advice:** Mistrust a new job offer if you don't know who's behind it.

Capricorn DECEMBER 22—JANUARY 20

Don't get involved in a tricky situation: wait and see how the game is to be played. A financially successful month, but avoid a serious dispute the 11th-13th, 18th, and 19th with an older relative. Take care: he may be cleverer than you think. Instead of being belligerent, be diplomatic and keep your temper. Don't be envious of someone else's happy love affair on the 24th and 25th: you can have your own on the 14th, 15th, 22nd, and 23rd, when Jupiter is most favorable. **My advice:** Be sociable and more receptive to ideas.

Aquarius JANUARY 21—FEBRUARY 18

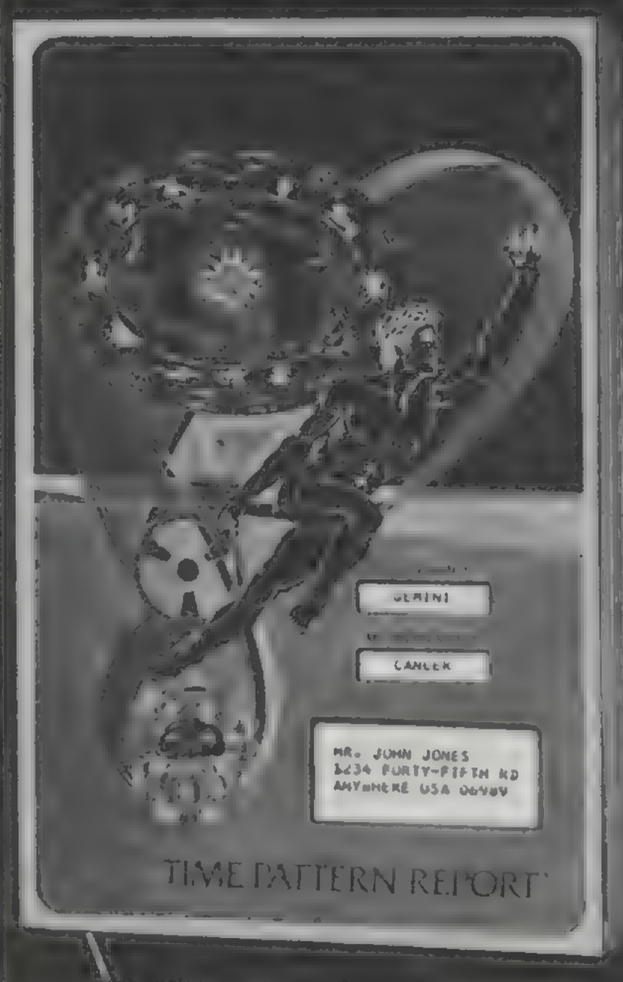
A strong Mars aspect incites you to action, but don't exaggerate or avoid people. Family life isn't too good on the 14th and 15th; don't fuss about unimportant matters. Think about vacations which will be more successful after the end of the month. During the weekend of the 20th-21st, you can show how well you are adjusting to a changed situation. On the 26th and 27th you may have a marvelous opportunity to bring people together. **My advice:** Make plans for enjoying yourself on the 16th, 17th, 24th, and 25th.

Pisces FEBRUARY 19—MARCH 20

Further good fortune is likely, but don't let others take advantage of you. You may feel a bit restricted the 1st-3rd. Be energetic, and don't accept an offer which means giving up your leisure time. Beware of Neptune playing tricks on the 16th, 17th, and 28th-30th. Watch what goes on, and be flexible. From the 22nd, you will enjoy excellent Venus influence and have a happy love life. If you're on vacation, try not to travel after the 28th when there's a bad Mars aspect. **My advice:** Widen your circle of friends and keep calm.

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By Despina Messinesi

VOGUE **TRAVEL**

Switzerland: Where the IN-knowing crowd goes, what they buy, where they stay in and around Zurich and Lausanne

What grabs you in Switzerland is the Swiss-ness. The country is civilized, calm, dependable, progressive, and unpolluted. About twice the size of Massachusetts—you can drive from one end to the other in a day—Switzerland is stacked with everything: mountains, snow, lakes, rivers, trolleys, castles, fondues, clinics, great art, pine-scented air, and, among its many industries, the two major ones are banking and the science of coddling visitors. Here, a mini-guide to two cities, each totally different in its Swiss-ness.

ZURICH: EVEN THE SCENERY IS LUXE

Zurich, a powerhouse of a city flung around the large Lake of Zurich and split in two by the Limmat River, has the pleasures of a small town. The patterns of its spires, clock towers, pointed roofs, and glassy new blocks of buildings—at night outlined in colored lights—are reflected in the lake and river so clearly that you're never sure which is the right side up. Here, the people speak Swiss-German—gargle-sounding—and they write in German. (Compact Switzerland has three official languages: German, French, and Italian.)

As in most European cities, the railroad station with its heavy turn-of-the-century architecture is the center both of Zurich and of the action. Escalators descend to a fabulous underground shopping center. An escalator ride up leads to the broad leafy-treed Bahnhofstrasse (Railroad Street) edged with festive-looking Cantonal flags, shops, and cafés and carless except for the pale-blue trolley. This joy-of-a-walk ends smack on the lake and on a totally new scene: boats, waterside restaurants, and people sunning.

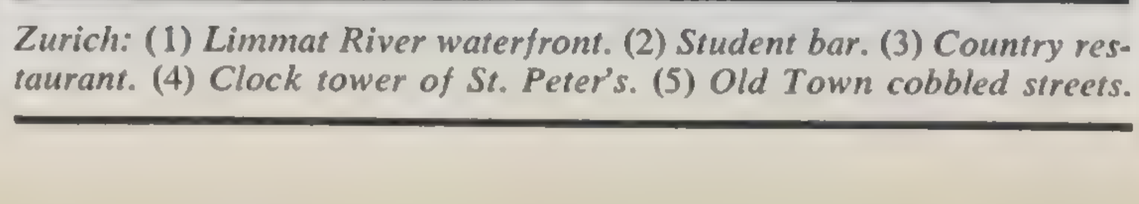
In summer you can glide away on fascinating sight-seeing trips around the lake, board a big lake steamer, or rent a fast speedboat to go to nearby Thalwil to lunch on the flower-filled terrace of the Hotel Alexander or at the Hotel Ermitage at Küsnacht.

For a romantic lunch on a green hill in a red chalet with a grape arbor and only the company of cows, there is the luxurious Wirtschaft zur Buch restaurant at Herrliberg, a twenty-minute drive from town. Special: *Egli* (lake fish), with crushed almonds, Appenzeller cheese, good local white wine. This known hideaway plus all the green around it are owned by the steel family of E. G. Bührle, best known for the splendid French Impressionist collection they donated to the city of Zurich. Not to be missed; open Tuesdays and Fridays from two to five in the afternoon at Zollikerstrasse 172.

Rated five stars: the Kunsthaus museum—spectacular room hung with Rouaults; retrospective of the works by the Swiss-born artist Giacometti. The Swiss National Museum—history of Switzerland. Rietberg Museum—the E. von der Heydt collection of primitive and Oriental art; the sensuous brass sculpture, "Dancing Shiva." In a high-up woodsy setting, the Zurich Zoo, the best and biggest in Europe. Nearby, filling a two-story-tall building, an enormous model of the Jungfrau Alpine mountain peak carved in rock, with robot-driven teleferics, cable cars, electric trains, and even suspension railways.

Swiss-German dishes, although not as heavy as the real thing, are strong on sausages, *Rösti* (potato pancake sometimes served with an egg on top), *Spätzli* (small, gnocchi- (Continued on page 34)





Zurich: (1) *Limmat River waterfront.* (2) *Student bar.* (3) *Country restaurant.* (4) *Clock tower of St. Peter's.* (5) *Old Town cobbled streets.*

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type noodles), potato salads, veal cutlets, steaks, and entrecôtes doused with an un-Swiss named sauce, Café de Paris—a spiced butter patty.

Star-rated restaurants: The Kronenhalle, one of the best in the world, its walls crammed with Matisses, Bonnards, Braques. White-aproned women to serve; masses of fresh flowers; dazzling food. Piccoli-Accademia, an expensive Italian restaurant loved by the Swiss-Germans. Conditorei Theodor Schober, an old-fashioned tearoom with gingerbread cupboards, giant cash register, nooks with benches, and potbellied stoves, is run by two adorable old ladies. Memorable rhubarb and lemon tarts, hot ham and cheese croissants, weightless cheese puffs.

"Riviera," the best stretch for people-watching and café-bistros, is the riverbank near the Limmatquai in the Old Town. Old standbys: Odéon, a student hangout (Zurich is an important university town) where James Joyce and Lenin drank beer. Café Select, a super sandwich-sausage parlor. Malatesta, the IN bar, best hours between seven and nine in the evening. Spanish Wine Cellar, a low-ceilinged place pungent with odors of garlic and wine. Oepfelchammer, a small bar upstairs where the Zurich poet Gottfried Keller used to go in the 1800's; tables, walls initialed by students and artists, talk of art and non-Swiss politics. Rosengarten, an outdoor beer garden near the open-air market. Kropf, a good-time stopping-off place near the Bahnhofstrasse, a baroque German beerhall with painted pink angels, gold clusters of grapes.

The Dolder Grand Hotel, an appealing resort outside the city, is run strictly in the Grand Hotel tradition of Swiss innkeeping with superb service and excellent cuisine. Turreted, spired, and serene, the Dolder stands majestically in a forty-acre park (ten minutes by car from town), has its own golf course and a pool with fake waves. The Hotel Baur au Lac, near the center of town with a lawn that rolls down to the lake, is the favorite of visiting bankers and royalty. The Diagonal, in its cellars, is the nightclub of the moment.

Hotel Eden au Lac, a first-class lakeside hotel, is smaller, intimate, quiet, and somewhat less expensive. Zum Storchen, a small hotel in the center of town, has an excellent terrace restaurant on the Limmat River. The Hotel Zurich, a modern, new tower rising on the river, provides streamlined efficiency without being blatantly commercial.

You'd expect to find Swiss watches in Zurich, and you do find every make and style; but the delights in this bastion of banking and industry are art galleries and marvelous shops. Many of the Paris couturiers—Saint Laurent-Rive Gauche, Courrèges, Lanvin—have boutiques, but the truly Swiss shops and the department stores—Globus, Jelmoli, and Grieder (a branch in St. Moritz)—are on or around Bahnhofstrasse, the carless shopping avenue. Don't miss Au Grenier (Beatengasse 4), an avant-garde place that stocks all the best from Paris and London—leathers, furs, jeans, evening glitter.

In the Old Town across the river—in Zurich you keep crossing and recrossing bridges—on a small street, Thema Selection (Weite Gasse 9), the IN boutique of Zurich, is truly a find. A young team, Ursula Rodel and Elisabeth Bossard, design the very simple, well-cut clothes in wonderful fabrics—gabardine, poplin—in cotton, silk, vicuña, cashmere; they use no synthetics. Under a Bauhaus ceiling, clothes hang on curved Gropius racks. For fun things, Galaxy (Rämistrasse 13)



Zurich: memorable pastries

is a trendy boutique with good leathers, English looks, lots of glitter, boas, and kitsch; it's run by the pretty young wife of Peter Phillips, an English Pop artist.

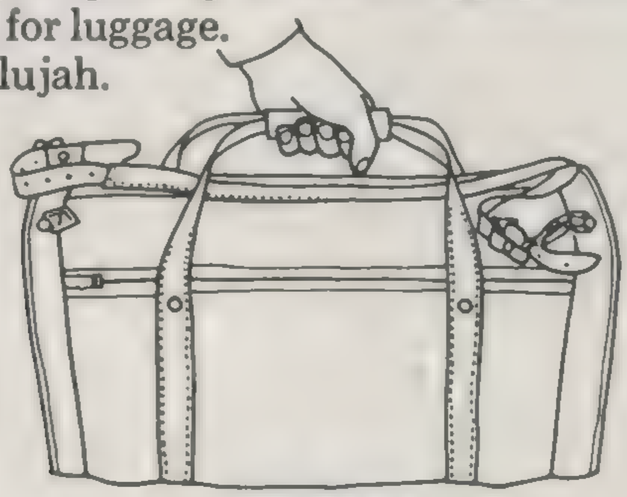
Among the many splendid art galleries—both Marlborough and Maeght have branches here—one of the best in Zurich is run by Bruno Bischofberger (Steinwiesstrasse 26), who was the first to show American Pop Art, as well as European and behind-the-Iron-Curtain trends. His personal collection of antique Swiss furniture and objects, shown in museums, (Continued on page 36)

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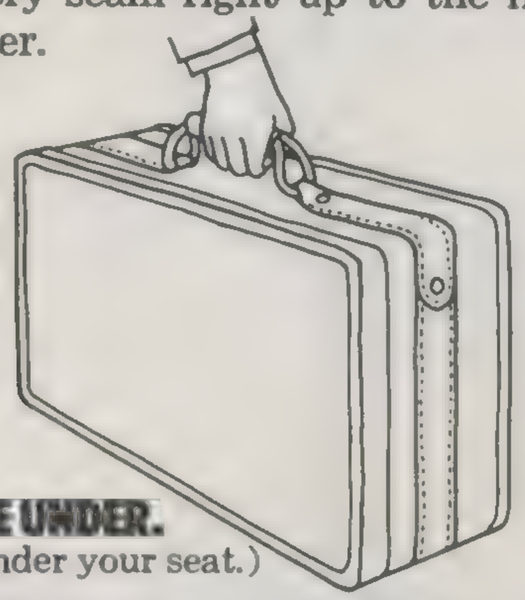
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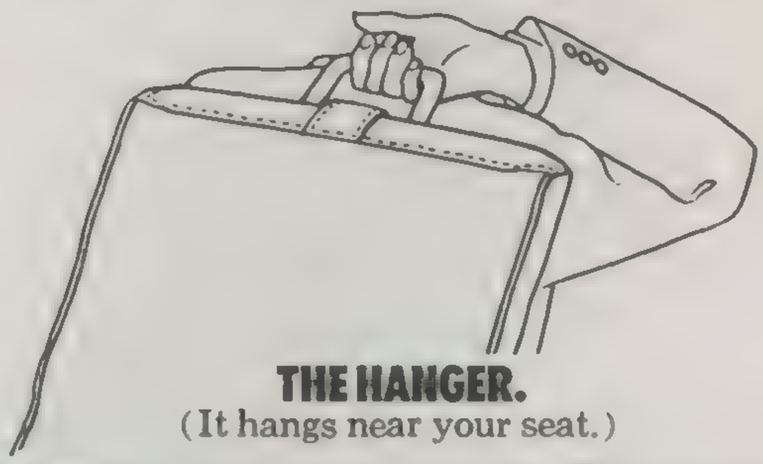
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To recharge, Appenzell—less than two hours away from Zurich—is a ravishing place with pastures, clinking cowbells, and Swiss mountain music played by men in Alpine costume and wearing one gold earring in the shape of a cow in the left ear. Now, the earring—sold in Zurich—is a male-student fad.

For visitors fluent in German, in addition to the Schauspielhaus, Zurich's top theater, there is Theater am Neumarkt, an avant-garde young repertory company whose specialty is new renditions of Goethe and Brecht. No language barrier for the fine opera and concerts—music is the universal tongue.

Zurich has its share of clinics, those peaceful, clean, hotel-run places to diet, exercise, and to make you feel glowingly fit. Best known is the Bircher clinic founded in the late 1880's by Dr. Bircher-Benner, who came up with the fruit and vegetable regimen and the famous Swiss health cereal, Birchermüesli.

LAUSANNE: THE SWEET LIFE LIVES

Lausanne still preserves the *douceur de vivre* it must have had when "going to the lakes" was the rage attracting Russian grand dukes, royalty, sheikhs, and English poets.

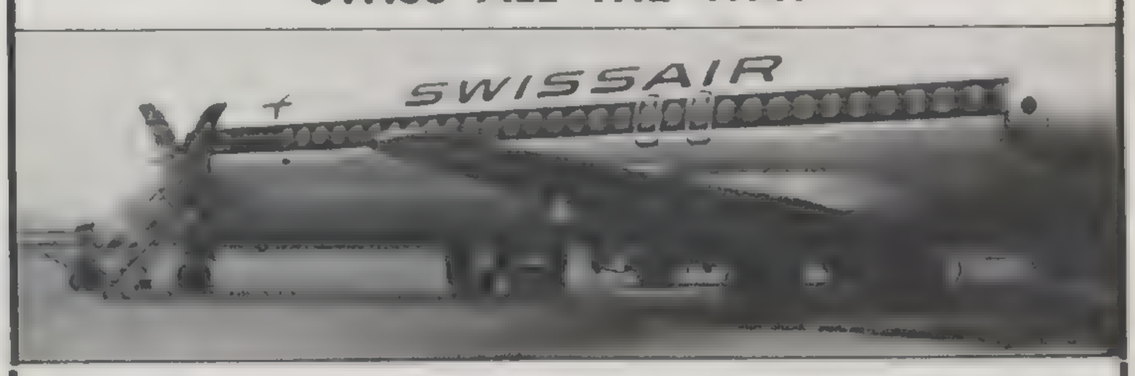
Rising from Lac Léman which the visitors, but never the Swiss, call Lake Geneva, Lausanne is a hilly, topsy-turvy city linked by bridges with no water beneath—they're built over streets and houses. Strung around Lac Léman and on Lausanne hilltops, the *belle-époque* palace hotels with space to spare have recently been tuned up and rediscovered by that knowledgeable elegant group that somehow gets there first.

Lausanne-Palace Hotel is the luxurious landing pad for the international rich, inevitably glowing with health, going and coming from other palace hotels in St. Moritz, Gstaad, Monte Carlo, and the Riviera. Its polished great hall buzzes with Italian, French, Greek, English, and German. Its tall-ceilinged rooms with extra-long beds have push-button controls to operate the blinds of the floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking Lac Léman and snowed peaks. In summer, the Palace's excellent restaurant is moved to a flower-packed canopied terrace. Special: an unflappable concierge who knows all the answers.

Le Beau-Rivage, without including the designation "palace," heads the list of Europe's palace hotels. Set in a garden-park along the lake with floating swans and silent gliding boats like those in Wagner's *Lohengrin*, the Beau-Rivage is five minutes from downtown at Ouchy, Lausanne's port. An all-year haven for many titled guests who live in enormous style in large apartments with servants' rooms, the hotel has a staff that seems only to whisper.

Lausanne is circled with over

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For further information on Zurich, Lausanne, and Swissair, write Vogue Travel, Department SW, P.O. Box 3374, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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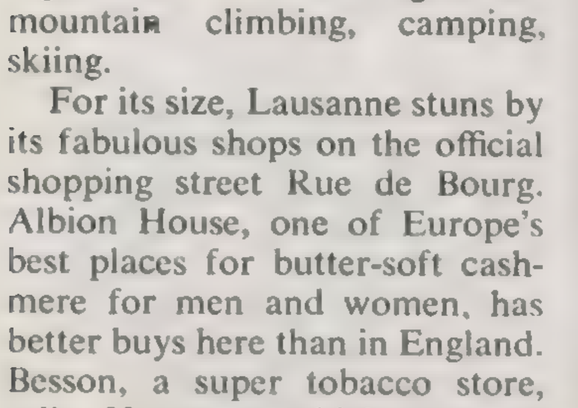


"Where the young meet to see who's going where"

ninety-six clinics that prescribe diet, sleep, water, and disintoxication cures—people may check in after a big weekend—as well as some for discreet plastic surgery and nervous disorders. For starters, the blend of lake and Alpine air is so soothing that many people complain of being chronically sleepy. In addition to the well-known Valmont, La Prairie, and Ceçil clinics (to name just three), there is the newest, Genolier, seemingly more of a country club than a clinic.

Lausanne is centered around the thirteenth-century Franciscan Church of St. François. Wherever you are going, traffic, apparently routed by a master maze designer, must go by this lively spot. Here, you'll find banks; chocolate and watch shops; the Hotel de la Paix, where the young meet to see who's in town and who's going where; Payot, Switzerland's best bookstore; Schwind, a top record shop; Manuel, the IN tearoom; Ausoni, a wonderful ski and aprés-ski shop with French and Italian classics; Bally, well-priced adult and children's shoes. Up the street, Schaefer outfits students going to Le Rosey and other top Swiss boarding schools and stocks gear for mountain climbing, camping, skiing.

For its size, Lausanne stuns by its fabulous shops on the official shopping street Rue de Bourg. Albion House, one of Europe's best places for butter-soft cashmere for men and women, has better buys here than in England. Besson, a super tobacco store, sells Havanas—which saves a trip to the Davidoff establishment in Geneva. Favre is the source for Miss Dior and Dior shoes, and for discreet handsome handbags they make. Cardas, with plants



Lausanne clocks time in flowers

and trees growing inside, is filled with unusual furniture, clothes, Chinese objects, straw rugs, etc., in such a price range nobody leaves without buying. Miss Annabelle goes in for blouses and long skirts, some British imports. Jouets Weber sells those ravishing Swiss mechanical toys grown-ups love to buy.

Whizzing through Lausanne, women-in-the-know do their couture-boutique buying here. Saint Laurent-Rive Gauche, next to the Palace Hotel, has also Ungaro and Valentino models. The Bon Génie (like a Swiss Bloomingdale's) is a showcase for all Europe: Vuitton, Gucci, Sonia Rykiel, Jap, Jean Muir, Lalalounis, Revillon, plus hip jeans, plus more.

Among the list of restaurants, the best in Lausanne is La Grappe d'Or (Rue Cheneau-de-Bourg): French cuisine, everything *flambé*, luxe, expensive. On the same street, the favorite of the *Lausonnois* is Au Boeuf Rouge, small, Italian—low lights, reasonable—charming maitre d', Paolo. The Grill at the Lausanne-Palace Hotel is tops, quite dressy, expensive.

In summer, the restaurants at Ouchy on Lac Léman are pure pleasure. The Château d'Ouchy, a turreted hotel, has a pleasant dining terrace. Everybody goes to the Hotel d'Angleterre on the port for the fresh-from-the-lake *filets de perche, truite au bleu* and drinks Aigle or Dézaley, two local white wines. On the point, the Lacustre Restaurant, which looks like a bunker, is ideal for boat-and-lake watchers. If you ask the owner, very politely, he will bring out bits of stale bread to feed the swans gliding by.

Lausanne is an ideal take-off point for excursions. Within an hour's drive, there is skiing in the Alps at Château d'Oex, at Villars, and at Gstaad with a convenient lunch stop at the medieval walled town of Gruyères, after which the cheese is named. From Ouchy, a fast speedboat ride across the lake and into France, is the Évian Casino and the fabulous La Verniaz Auberge. Montreux and Chillon Castle, where Byron and Shelley almost drowned and Henry James's Daisy Miller flitter-flirted, is an easy drive. Twenty minutes away from Lausanne on the *autoroute* toward Geneva and across the French border is Divonne Casino, a gaudy place with an excellent restaurant filled with hooded sheikhs, film stars, and Japanese gambling away the loot kept in nearby banks. *Wise note:* Always have your passport and some French, Italian, and Swiss money with you to cross in and out of the nearby frontiers. ▽



Delfen* Contraceptive Foam helps eliminate 6 real worries about birth control.

Side Effects Delfen is a "natural" form of birth control that doesn't have to be introduced into your system to be effective. (It can't change your hormonal balance.)

Interruption Many women find Delfen the least interruptive of the contraceptives you can buy without a prescription. You apply it up to an hour before. There's nothing to remove and no douching.

Discomfort Delfen is foam. Just foam. It can't shift around or annoy you hours later. It's "self-fitting"—that is, it spreads out and conforms to your own contours, neatly and easily. It's quickly absorbed. In fact, you probably won't even feel it.

Satisfaction Delfen is light and pleasant. It lubricates. It won't interfere with your pleasure or his.

Confusion The reason so many women use Delfen is that it's such a simple, unconfusing form of birth control. There's nothing to be measured and no prescription. There's only one step. The only device is the applicator. There's nothing to figure out, no days to count and nothing to wonder about. Just use it every time. If you follow the instructions, it's hard to make a mistake.

Effectiveness While no contraceptive is guaranteed foolproof, a research study conducted in ten separate centers does indicate Delfen to be highly effective. Out of a total of 857 women, only 8 became pregnant when using Delfen regularly. Even when used irregularly, only 10 more became pregnant.

Delfen coats the entire cervix with one of the most effective spermicidal ingredients known. Delfen Foam is recommended by doctors.



Delfen. A natural approach to birth control.

Ortho The world's largest laboratories devoted to family planning research.

*Trademark © OPC 1973

Joe Black and Daniel Mondavano —and they sold it to a guy named Lewis who was looking for a loan. Bebe Rebozo gave Lewis a $195,000 loan against that IBM. When Lewis defaulted, Rebozo sold the stocks out without a hitch. Hutton didn't even know the stuff was missing from their vaults. . . ."

Another time, after Mace revealed that he could get any stocks he wanted out of the cage at Goodbody, the fifth biggest investment house in the country, Lepera met and dealt with the cage man, a "son-in-law, I think, or a nephew" of Joe Colombo, a boss in a mob family. "Between 1965 and 1969 Mike must have took sixty, seventy million dollars' worth of stock from his house. He's the one put Goodbody out of business. . . . How could it happen? Mike the cage man did it."

Later Pat Lepera became involved with a man named Anthony who gets fresh stock certificates, "overruns—right from the company that prints them. He's got a wire into the American Bank Note Company—one of the guys that run the machines." Soon another guy, Jimmy Legs comes down with a "signature-guarantee machine and a transfer stamp. . . . All from Brown Brothers Harriman." Pat dances through the book with other Wall Street houses. Merrill Lynch. Bache. Fascinating.

—ALLENE TALMEY

★★★ **Lunatics, Lovers and Poets:** A brilliantly lucid new book by critic Margaret Croyden (McGraw-Hill) that at last fully acknowledges the seminal contribution of the art world's Happenings and Environments to the new visually-oriented theater of Peter Brook, Jerzy Grotowski, The Open Theater, and The Living Theater. A welcome comprehensive approach to the history of cultural ideas in this moment of narrowly focused specialization, the book traces the emergence of the new theater from visual sources such as Futurism, Dada, Surrealism, Expressionism, Symbolism, and Russian Constructivism.

—BARBARA ROSE

art

★★★★ **El Dorado: The Gold of Ancient Colombia:** At the Center for Inter-American Relations in New York through July, this fabulous show of 217 gold objects from the Museo del Oro in Colombia includes some of the most sensational pre-Columbian objects ever found, such as gigantic headdresses and ornamental breastplates of beaten gold. After closing July 28, the exhibition, organized by the Center in conjunction with Julie Jones of The Museum of Primitive Art, under the auspices of the American Federation of Art, travels to museums in Boston; Dallas; Toledo; Seattle; Athens, Georgia; Ottawa, Canada; San Francisco; and Austin, Texas.

★★★ **Marcel Breuer, Heroic Architecture:** Among the strongest voices in contemporary American architecture, the Hungarian-born Bauhaus architect Marcel Breuer fled Hitler to join the Harvard faculty in 1937. Recently, Breuer's massive, solid, volumetric architecture has begun springing up all over the East Coast, challenging the transparent glass-and-steel towers derived from the International Style. This month, Breuer is honored by a comprehensive exhibition at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris. University buildings at St. John's, Yale, and N.Y.U., as well as important commissions for government offices in Washington, have brought new fame to Breuer—still probably best known for his daring design for the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York, with its façade dramatically punctuated by huge jutting windows.

The retrospective Paris show includes models for past and future projects, such as UNESCO headquarters in Paris, an Alpine ski resort now under construction, and a visionary project for a futuristic London civic center, together with examples of Breuer's widely copied steel and leather Wassily chair and caned Cesca chair. After Paris, the exhibit appropriately ends its tour at the Bauhaus archives in Berlin.

★★★ **Decadents and Dreamers.** The current climate of decadence (with dandies, *demimondaines,* and drug connoisseurs hovering in the mauve shadows of today's café society) has brought a revival of "decadent" art. Perhaps the *ne plus ultra* of decadence are the paintings at the Tate Gallery in London this month by the mad Victorian Richard Dadd, whose fame rests as much on the ax murder of his father as on the peculiarity of his derailed visions of fairy orgies and lyrical watercolors of a China he never saw. Typical of the current English fascination with Gothic horrors in film and fiction, the Dadd revival is yet more evidence of a general preoccupation with the confusion of Eros and Thanatos that defines the decadent attitude.

—BARBARA ROSE

of pain, slavery, and death. On a rainy afternoon in Shanghai, our guides brought to the hotel a former prostitute, sold to a brothel by her parents when she was thirteen. Since Liberation she had told her story many times; but the strain in her voice and the tension in her drawn face, marred with faint pockmarks, still had power. "Once," she said, "human beings were turned into ghosts. But now, in the new China, ghosts have been turned into human beings again."

There were other phantoms from an age of humiliation. In the old British colonial hotels in the once-treaty ports, billiard tables now stand shrouded with sheets and shadows. Marble cabinets in the elegant Ladies' Rooms are empty, and now someone's laundry soaks in the marble washbasin. The Gentleman's Barber has closed his shop.

Around West Lake in Hangchow, villas of vanished Kuomingtang officials, opium moguls, speculators, and oil merchants rise from a green mist of bamboo, weeping willow, banana, and peach trees. One is saffron with Venetian balconies and arched, pointed windows. Another is in Palladian style like the villas of the Italian Lakes, only with dark red Chinese shutters. One has a private dock; another its own persimmon orchard in vermilion bloom. All are shut now or used for youth hostels or government offices. Once they housed the capitalists, we were told, who flew about in their private airplanes ordering wedding trousseaux and pearl necklaces while armies of peasant boys, roped together to keep them from running away, were driven into battle to exterminate their brothers.

"In the new China, ghosts have been turned into human beings again"

Thus one shifts back and forth, in China today, between an epoch of history that was often an erotic nightmare and this grave new morning we walk about in, nearly monotone, where for the time being all pleasures seem to be forepleasures. "Someday," say our guides—when we ask them about bookshops, magazines, newspapers, foreign films, theater including even their own classic drama; about poetry, painting, and sculpture for revelation, not edification. "Someday."

But because I am not a Marxist and cannot believe that human evolution will terminate in an egalitarian world at which moment correct art and true philosophy will bloom forth, I look for transitional developments coming sooner than Utopia, for both China and ourselves. As we left Canton by train and stopped at a station, I almost thought for a minute that I was looking into a Renoir painting. What could it be—that wide splash of color behind the locust trees, those rosy and sky-blue tones, those smiling fleshy youngsters reaching out, twisting, almost as if they were dancing? It was, it turned out, a political poster on a billboard, showing a troop of young Red soldiers and factory workers, male and female in exuberant equality, linking arms and singing. But it *could* have been a Renoir for the freshness of the brushwork. And it stood cheerfully outdoors in a light as warmly shining as the banks of the Seine must have appeared to the young proletarian Bohemians of France. Thus it seemed to me possible that there may be unexpected inventions ahead for the meandering Chinese genius.

By the time I left China, I was filled with a new elated energy myself. Queen Elizabeth looked crushed under her crown. I did not regret that I had not dragged along the Mandarin coat. When I got home, I took a brush and painted the house myself, instead of hiring a workman. There was liberation in this young morning feeling, this sense of being early awake. Cast off solemnity, those girls in white shirts and pigtails seemed to be saying to me. Cast off guilt. Cast off what deforms or degrades. Destroy the past if it threatens the present.

The ripe pleasures, and human understanding, have not worn themselves out in the course of a long historical night but lie in the future. ▽



VOGUE neighborhood SHOPPER

The Big Apple—the newest beauty aid

Not since Adam and Eve has such a significant bite been taken out of the apple, the latest fruit to be Big Business in the Beauty Business. . . . An apple a day makes sense for your body because the minerals and vitamin A content help clear the body of impurities, so help develop a clearer skin. . . . When it comes to your hair, Ogilvie has started the apple rolling with their new Apple A Day shampoo—apple-scented in an apple-shaped container, with biodegradable and protein-enriched formula. Unlike the first apple, this one includes a detangler, an ingredient absent in Eden. You'll find Apple A Day at the drugstore or supermarket.



The apple raises its fruity head once more in Gillette's new range of Earth Born shampoos . . . this time it's Green Apple for oily hair and scalp . . . in addition, there are Apricot essence for normal hair and Avocado for dry. All Earth Borns are pH balanced; and, in case you haven't heard, pH is the measure by which the level of acidity versus the level of alkalinity is determined in nearly every substance on earth, including your hair. The pH of Earth Born falls into the neutral category between acidity and alkalinity, which is, quite naturally, the natural pH of hair. Earth Born shampoos are available in every kind of neighborhood shop and come in 4-, 8-, or 12-ounce sizes.

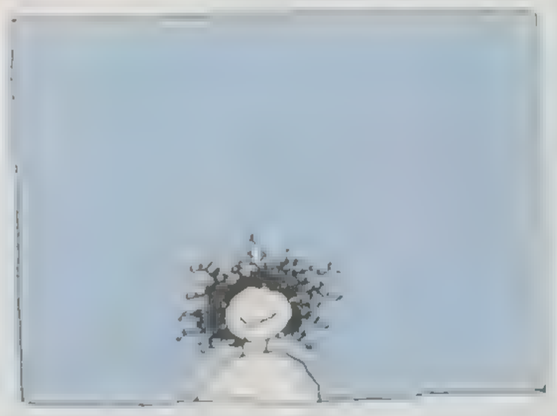


Shower Heads

Conservation, like charity, begins at home and can cost next to nothing. At the International Water Quality Symposium this year, one environmental expert pointed out that just by using a flow-reducing shower head, 3½ to 6½ gallons of water per minute can be cut from the normal shower. Flow-reducing shower heads are found in hardware stores, or your shower head at home may have an adjusting lever to limit the amount of water flow.

Tricks for tape... Treats for hair

Neat idea when clipping or trimming a youngster's hair: try taping it first with the same Scotch Brand Styling Tape you've been using for years to set and spit-curl your own hair. The tape, put across bangs or ends of hair, will provide a straight guideline to follow, even if your pint-size customer is one of the squirmiest.



Take a tip from the youngsters for yourself . . . borrow a capful of their Johnson's Baby Shampoo to make grown-up hair soft and docile as a baby's. Just another way to bridge the generation gap.

Hair conditioning

Who wants to spend a lot of time housekeeping anything—including hair—when there is all that summer out-of-doors? No one . . . but don't forget what chlorine, wind, and drying sun can do to your hair. Treatment de Pantene will come in handy here, as it's planned to restore texture and elasticity to any kind of damaged hair, while keeping healthy hair healthy—and it does all that in sixty seconds between shampoo and final rinse.

You can't beat the hair-coloring system that has, count 'em, forty different shades. Covering the color map is not all Preference by L'Oreal does; it also pairs the color with a Shampoo Conditioning Rinse especially designed for treated hair to stabilize natural acid balance.



Getting your mane up in lights

A shrinking violet we know has decided to shirk her shrinking status and blossom this summer . . . starting at the top. The way she has chosen to add lights to her locks is with Clairol's Summer Blonde with Balsam Conditioner, that she discovered around the corner at the drugstore. The good thing, she finds, about Summer Blonde is that the color "creeps up" on her hair—which means no sudden shock for this beginner in the color-at-home class. It looks like the summer sun supplied her hair with glints of gold, says she, our now "ultra violet."

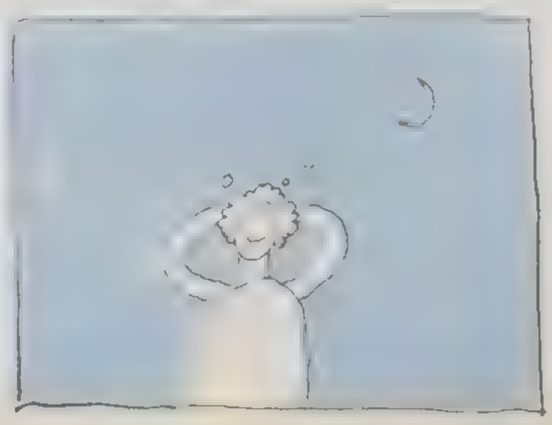
Grime fighter

Keeping hair clean in any city can pose a problem . . . something Alberto-Culver is well aware of. To help keep hair cleaner for longer, this innovative company has just introduced VO5 Hair Spray with a new ingredient called Veron which specifically creates a film on the hair to retard dirt build-up. Apparently, the build-up of grime is the most destructive element to any style, breaking down the good work achieved by a hair spray. VO5 with Veron comes in a tester size of 2 ounces for 35 cents. When you're convinced this is the product for you, you'll find it's available also in a 9- or 12-ounce can.

A shampoo a day to keep dandruff away

For those who like to go to bed with a scalp as clean as their skin, Helene Curtis provides an Every-Night line, composed of Lemon-, Balsam-, or Herbal-based shampoos, plus a Rainwater Rinse that you can use without harm every night, and a Long Hair Conditioner.

When is a conditioner not a conditioner? When it's also a creme rinse and a styling foam all rolled into one, as is Salon Finish by Breck. A one-step total hair-care center in a can (or plastic bottle) for newly washed hair, Salon Finish doesn't get rinsed out like most simple conditioners but is meant to last right through to the next washing.



GUY BILLOUT

"There's no instant miracle for summer-damaged hair. The only miracle I know takes a little longer."

Julius Caruso

"Summertime really gives your hair the hardest time.

The sun burns it, the wind beats it, the water dries it like seaweed. Those quick-down-the-drain rinses just don't make the difference.

They weren't made to help damaged hair.

condition* Beauty Pack Treatment from Clairol is specially formulated for damaged hair.



It's impossible to correct weeks of drying sun, wind and water in a minute.

When I apply protein-rich condition* the hair seems to soak it up immediately. (The way you see a dry plant drink water.)

Naturally, the hair that absorbs it quickly is the porous, or damaged hair. So condition* goes right to work where it's needed the most.

Then as you wait, with this intense 30-minute



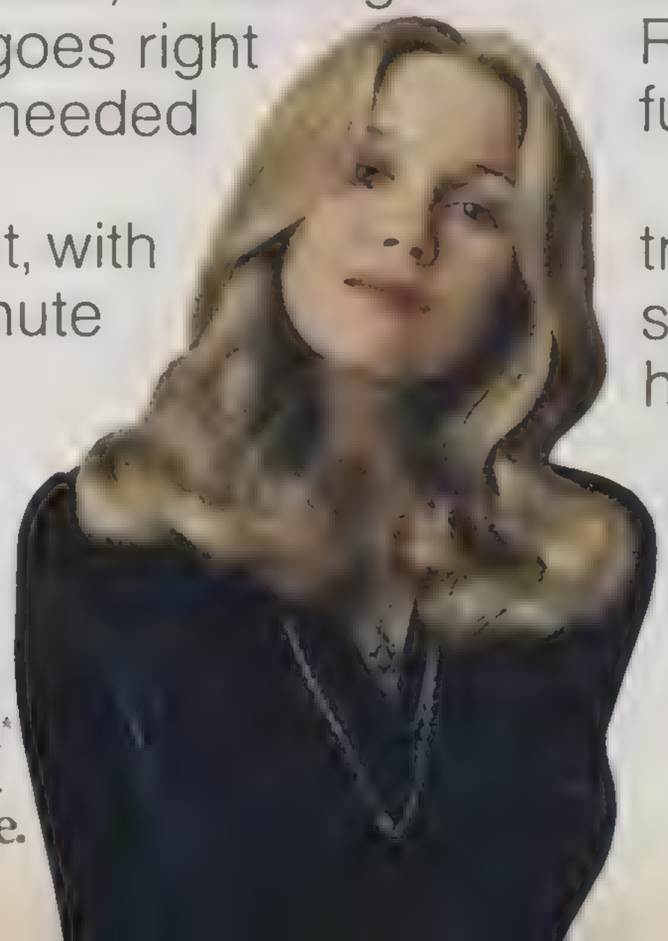
treatment, the warmth of your scalp helps condition* penetrate throughout your hair.

Lifeless hair gets real body of its own. Becomes shiny, manageable. Really and truly reconditioned.

Remember, summer fun is no fun for your hair.

A regular condition* treatment can keep it shining no matter how brutally the sun shines."





But Clairol's condition* can do the impossible in a little longer time.

condition*

The professional treatment for mistreated hair.

Available in cream pack. Or instant lotion for touch-ups.

By Melva Weber

VOGUE

HEALTH

Newest in copper cures... birth control by either sex... why medicines should stay where they belong

Where are the male contraceptive pills?

At last, an oral contraceptive for men that promises to be safe, effective, and reversible seems within reach. Dr. C. Alvin Paulsen of the University of Washington in Seattle has safely tested about one hundred volunteers with a sperm-lowering drug combination intended to produce a temporary infertility in men without altering sex drive or causing other side effects. The test men, nineteen to thirty-five years old, have completed a six-month period of treatment—a daily pill containing a mild dose of male hormone, plus a potent male hormone injection once a month. The treatment reduced the sperm counts of most subjects to less than five million per ejaculation, compared with a normal one hundred to two hundred million. No side effects, no loss of libido, said the volunteers. Next scientific questions: How low a sperm count is needed to insure effective contraception? How long will it take, after stopping the male pill, before sperm count returns to normal levels? The test men, now under close medical monitoring, are providing answers. The time before general availability: perhaps five years.

Good results from after-the-fact birth control

Close medical follow-up of more than four hundred women who had suction curettage to terminate suspected pregnancy gave reassuring news—no medical complications of any kind for any patient. The study, done at New York's state-licensed Eastern Women's Center, checked results of the menstrual-regulation method of abortion, used most often when the patient's menstrual period is several days late but before pregnancy can be diagnosed accurately. Examination of the aspirated tissue revealed that 43 percent of the women were not pregnant, another 43 percent were positively pregnant, and 8.6 percent were probably pregnant. In about 3 percent of the women, the extraction procedure did not halt pregnancy.

For arthritis, don't wear the copper—swallow it

Aspirin has long been valued in helping to reduce inflammation in arthritic joints. One problem, though, has been that when taken regularly for a long time, aspirin can cause stomach ulcers. Dr. John R. J. Sorenson, at the University of Cincinnati Medical Center, believes he has found the way to provide aspirin's benefits without the penalty of ulcers. In the stomach, Dr. Sorenson explained, aspirin attracts and binds the organic copper present in stomach tissues. Drawing out the copper may start a peptic ulcer, even though the resulting copper-aspirin compound, called a chelate, works to repair tissues in the inflamed arthritic joint. Dr. Sorenson's solution: copper added to aspirin to form a compound called copper aspirinate, which can provide copper without taking it away from stomach tissues. In a comparison among aspirin, copper aspirinate, and hydrocortisone in treating arthritic swelling of the foot, Dr. Sorenson found plain aspirin only 6 percent as efficient as hydrocortisone for keeping the swelling down; copper aspirinate was 130 percent as efficient as hydrocortisone.

Getting closer: safer anti-rabies shots

Rabies is a summertime menace. This killer infection spreads among susceptible animals and can be transmitted to humans through a bite or contact with the rabid creature's saliva. When exposed to a rabid or suspect animal, the victim must have a long, painful, and quite dangerous series of injections. The government's Division of Biologics Standards is now carefully checking a new immune globulin that, when used with vaccine, will give safe and effective immunity. Dosage proportions are being worked out. Meanwhile, have pets rabies-vaccinated; avoid strange tame animals; flee any animal, tame or wild, that appears ill or disoriented, especially a normally shy species that approaches you. Skunks, among the biggest rabies carriers, are becoming popular, when de-scented, as pets. If you must have one, insist on proper quarantine measures and rabies vaccination. Outdoor enthusiasts, animal handlers, others who face rabies risk may have themselves rabies-protected. The new vaccine is expected to make that process easier and safer.

Class-y hospital-room television

When you have a baby, an operation, or some other care in the obstetrics-gynecology departments of Albany Medical Center Hospital, in New York, you can learn while recuperating through closed-circuit television piped right to your hospital room. The twenty- to thirty-minute shows, according to Dr. Donald P. Swartz, are designed to bring health-care information to women during their hospital stays; extras include instructional leaflets, special classes taught by hospital nurses. Topics: self-breast examination, the Pap cancer test, family planning, baby care, human sexuality, venereal disease, and physical fitness. There's even a learning series for fathers—on a video-tape console in the husbands' waiting room. Current attraction: *A Matter of Choice*, a quiz show about family-planning methods.

Prescription drugs: don't dress

Don't transfer *any* prescription medicine into a different container, even though the new box or bottle might be more attractive—strong advice from the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. If you must use another container, for example, a smaller size for traveling, ask your pharmacist to provide a proper one. Reasons: Drugs are sensitive to changes in temperature, moisture, oxygen, light. You may need the label information on the original container. Pill containers that have been used before may have traces of substances that could cause drug-sensitivity reactions or dangerous chemical interactions. And some substitute containers have even caused loss of potency in the drugs they held.



GUY BILLOUT

New voice for the speechless

Some who have had laryngectomy—surgery removing the vocal cords—are able to learn esophageal speech, a process of swallowing air, then releasing it through the gullet; some cannot. For them, Dr. Stanley Taub of New York Medical College has devised VoiceBak, a plastic bypass tube that can bring air from the lungs into the esophagus, where a muscle vibrates as vocal cords do, to produce speech. Throat surgeon Dr. Donald A. Shumrick of University of Cincinnati Medical Center recently performed the special surgery that VoiceBak requires on forty-four-year-old Michael Ryan, enabling him to speak after seven voiceless years.



Exercise is your daily fun

You exercise every day for the sheer joy of it. You like what all that good stretching and bending does for you. The supple, limber, tip-top feeling it gives you.

To keep from breaking your daily routine you use Tampax tampons. They're worn internally so you are comfortable while you continue to exercise during your period.

Tampax tampons can't be felt when in place. Can't restrict or chafe. Can't show. And Tampax tampons are safe. Contain no unnecessary deodorants that may cause irritation. Their protection is so gentle and reliable, more women trust them than any other tampon.



MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.

Go ahead! Use Tampax tampons and arch, flex, twist every single day of every month.

TAMPAX
tampons

The internal protection more women trust



The end of the flat pancake.

Add a tablespoon of Grand Marnier to your pancake batter, and come up with something special.
Then write for our free gourmet booklet, and come up with 87 different somethings special.

Carillon Importers, Ltd., 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy. 80 proof.

VOGUE BOUTIQUE

What to wear when it's too hot to wear anything





SUMMER! JULY . . .

RE-VITALIZERS FOR THE HEIGHT OF SUMMER! Bits to lift summer to shades of cool . . . **1.** THE SUMMER SHIRT . . . side-button "peasant shirt" of tiny rosebuds on white Indian cotton to wear perfectly over shorts . . . or anything! $15; Chor Bazaar, 801 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. White cotton flowered head wrap, $8; Ruza Creations, at Ann Taylor, 15 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. **2.** SUMMER SUNSHADE . . . ½ visor, ½ head wrap of tiny-flowered Indian cotton; $6. By Don Kline at Henri Bendel.



3. THE PRETTIEST BIKINI . . . ultraviolet violets on white T-shirt cotton, perfectly carved and "French-spare" . . . $30; at DeNoyer, 219 E. 60 St., N.Y.C.

SUMMER EVENINGS . . . PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL! As-thin-as-a-baby's-handkerchief white cotton lawn lace-edged off-the-shoulder blouse and ruffled calf-length skirt. Blouse, $40. Skirt, $55. Both at One, 9640 Santa Monica Blvd. Beverly Hills, Calif.

LOUNGERIE

SUMMER "AT HOME" **7.** Pale-rose embroidered lace "Philippine wedding shirt" ($65, Rubicon, 849 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.) to wrap and waist-tie (a scarf of lace-edged chiffon) over thin satin pyjamas.



SUN-SKIRTS!

PERFECT BIKINI-COVERS (or what to wear for easy country evenings) . . . . **5.** Shades-of-lime Indian printed cotton knit skirt to mid-calf ($20; Nirvana, 38 East 58th St., N.Y.C.) to wear with THE SUNTOP, a T-shirt bra of white cotton knit; $10. By Tric-Trac at Henri Bendel.



6. Ankle-skirt of white Indian polished cotton, lightly embroidered with lime tulips; $15 At Chor Bazaar, 801 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C. Lime cotton T-shirt camisole; $6. At San Francisco Clothing, 975 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C.





8. EXTRA-PRETTY . . . pale-blue satin, lace-edged "lingerie shorts" (they're truly '30's "step-ins") to wear with a bare white T-shirt, waist-tied with a scarf of pale-blue lace-edged chiffon. "Shorts," $30; Obiko, 3294 Sacramento St., San Francisco. T-shirt, $4; Partout at Lord & Taylor, N.Y.C.

Heat weekends



9. THE SUMMER JEANS AND JACKET . . . parachute-thin white cotton plumb-straight jeans, spare zip-front blouson . . . $80. By New Man at DeNoyer, 219 E. 60 St., N.Y.C. **10.** The perfect easy-shirt for trouser-and-skirt dressing (or over a bikini!) . . . short-sleeved thin white Indian cotton; $8, Chor Bazaar. Greek Island Ltd. "waist-scarf" of white cotton gauze tiny-flowered in blue.



BARBARA BERSELL

Catherine Deneuve for Chanel



CHANEL

Perfume in the classic bottle 10.00 to 400 , Spray Perfume 7.50, Eau de Toilette 7.00 to 20.00 Eau de Cologne 5.00 to 20.00, and Spray Cologne 7.00

VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

TO KNOW ABOUT...JULY DISCOVERIES

★ NEW AMERICAN HERO ★

1. Larry Mahan, 6-time world-champion cowboy (a record!)... his autobiography, *Bull* (written with Douglas Kent Hall), will be published this fall. Looks like a film-star characterization of a cowboy, participates in at least 40 rodeos a year (July 11-14, he will be riding in the Calgary Stampede and at the same time commuting to Spokane, Washington, to ride in his All Pro Rodeo at Expo '74). Why the rodeo as a career? "It's a challenge and it's dangerous...!"



DOUGLAS KENT HALL



KEEPING COOL...

Scene: It's the height of summer. Fact: It's the hardest time to find looks for summer-city-dressing! Solution...or HOW TO LOOK GREAT WHEN IT'S 90° IN THE SHADE! 2. THE SUMMER SKIRT...silky-thin men's-shirting cotton, narrow-striped in shades of indigo, pale yellow, and white ($55; San Francisco Clothing, 975 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C.), waist-tied with white cotton rope over a perfectly carved white cap-sleeved T-shirt ($7; Trousers Up, at Bloomingdale's). 3. MORE 2-PIECE DRESSING...bittersweet cotton-knit square-neck camisole ($6; San Francisco Clothing) to wear with a wrap skirt of violet-flowered bittersweet cotton ($17; Orient Arts, at Henri Bendel).





4

4. THE ONLY "SUMMER DRESS" IN TOWN! Shades-of-green striped Nyesta jersey boat-neck T-shirt and matching wrap skirt, $44; D. D. Dominick, 220 East 60th Street, N.Y.C.

PLACES TO CHECK OUT

NEW YORK: The Tin Palace, 325 Bowery; homemade salads, sandwiches; classical flute concerts on Sundays....Ipanema, 181 Second Ave.; subterranean discothèque that plays you-can't-sit-down Brazilian dance music. FABULOUS!...The Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St.; *the* largest rock nightclub in N.Y. to SEE the best of any music—from Gato Barbieri playing his South American jazz to Alan Price acting out his biographical melodies (backed by an 18-piece orchestra)...the place where Lauren Hutton, Mick Jagger, Bob Dylan, Carly Simon, James Taylor, and Stevie Wonder flock...and they're the audience! LOS ANGELES: Joe Allen, 303 So. Hamel Rd. (the L.A. branch of the super N.Y. restaurant); *the* eating place for people who like movie people!...OUTDOOR DINING—THE THING TO DO! PLACES: Butterfield's, 8426 W. Sunset Blvd.; a small house on the slope of a hill—Provençal antiques and a huge outdoor patio....Tetou, 10840 Wilshire Blvd.; a "French country kitchen," auberge-patio for fresh salads, soups, homemade corn bread....Derrick's, 10300 Wilshire Blvd.; a combination hotel-restaurant—all antiques...the charm of an inn (the Beverly Hills Hotel refers people there when they can't accommodate)....The Rainbow Bar and Grill, 9015 W. Sunset Blvd.; if you like dining and dancing with the all-star likes of Anjelica Huston, Warren Beatty, Jack Nicholson, Julie Christie, Mick Jagger, John Lennon, Ringo Starr, Britt Ekland, Quincy Jones....



"SHOES IMMORTALIZED..."

Venezuelan artist Victor Hugo's "fashionable portraits of his friends."...5. Jane Holzer's portrait—a Chanel heel from the '60's and her famous "Baby Jane days," an antique silver spoon. Fashionable owners: Diana Vreeland, Elsa Peretti, D. D. Ryan, Fred Hughes, Halston.

THE CIRCUS!!!



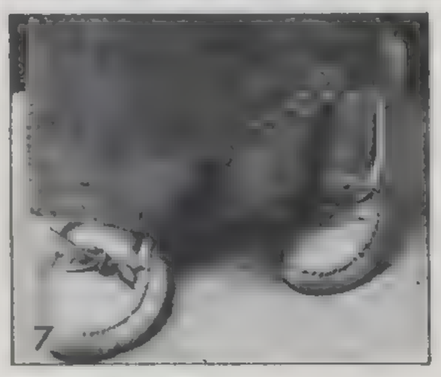
9. Yes, Ringling Bros., and Barnum & Bailey, and if you've deprived yourself since child-days—GO! Perfect summer rediscovery! July: Fort Worth, El Paso, Houston, Memphis, Kansas City, Phoenix, San Diego and Inglewood, California.

What do Ali MacGraw, Candice Bergen, Raquel Welch, Cher, and Johnny Carson have in common?
Answer: Aida Thibiant.
6. "The face-saver of the stars," she's the "magic lady" who revives and beautifies the most over-worked and sun-beaten skins to baby-perfection! Her list of devotees spans not just California but reaches to the East Coast....A gentle French lady (she's better than a tranquilizer), she gives strictly personal skin care based on the purest non-allergenic products and super-machines from France...Aida Thibiant Skin and Body Care Center, 353 N. Canon Drive, Beverly Hills. Telephone: (213) 278-7565.



6

BILL ROLF



7

TO HAVE!

7. Butterscotch deerskin moccasins . . . glove-soft . . . for country-cotton trousers! $18; Stitching Horse, 841 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C.

SUPER-SUMMER CHIC!

8. Betty Catroux's weekend "uniform"...oversized men's-shirting stripe shirt knotted and low-belted over the trimmest faded denim Bermudas, a to-the-brow stitched-brim denim hat....Easy-smashing!



EUROPE: TO CHECK OUT!

MONTE CARLO—the new South of France place (one only goes to St. Tropez for occasional shopping these days)! Monte Carlo news: the Sporting Club—just opened—huge modern structure of arcades housing the gaming rooms, super restaurants, Régine's Jimmy's, and a gala hall with waterworks. (Replaces the old Summer Casino as the place to go!!!)...SWITZERLAND, to breathe unpolluted air! (The Zurich "jewel"—a tiny gold cow to wear pierced in the left ear—for men!)...The New Summer Things To Do—TOURING AMERICA!...A barge trip down the Seine to the Mediterranean...NEW SAILING PLACE—Sicily's islands: Stromboli, Lipari, Panarea—very Rossellini—circa 1940's!...LONDON: The Roof Garden at Biba's, has opened! An acre and a half of flowers, trees, fountains, lily ponds, flamingos, and penguins....The Pavilion Restaurant to watch it all...for lunch, dinner, and tea!!!

BARBARA BERSELL

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"Pompeii"...our elegant pearl necklace (simulated, of course) with a removable teardrop pendant.

FALL PREVIEW:

The new breeze in fashion—the mood is casual, the look more polished, the line has new scale

Pieces are still the basis of dressing, but they aren't the pieces you already own, and the putting-together is new—there is a finish to the look for fall. Which doesn't mean done up, but polished, more worked out—"dressed" in the most modern, attractive sense of the word. And there is a line. An easy, slightly oversized line that has nothing to do with heaviness or droop. Proportioning is the key—*balance*—both in the cutting of clothes and in how they're worn. It means that when you see a coat with more roominess on the shoulder, it will have more length on the body as well; and that with this scale of coat, you will find yourself wanting—will find your *eye* wanting: a skirt that's a little longer than last year's (2 to 3 inches below the knee) and full enough to swing but not to bulk . . . a shoe with a higher heel . . . colors that tone in and extend the line rather than contrast, which breaks it. With this line—and look and mood—as a framework, here is the news as we see it. . . .

At long last: legs!—even for—especially for—the woman who once upon a time discovered the line of a sweater and pants, and hasn't worn anything else since. What is about to jump her into a skirt again is that **there is—finally—a skirt to own.** It may have gathers or gores or pleats or a biasy flare, but it never ignores the line of the body underneath—it shows the hip and it moves wonderfully! . . . **And there is a shoe**—a high-heeled, un-platformed, unclunky, simple, beautiful shoe in a deep, luxurious color. **And a stocking**—thin, with a little texture to it, toned to the shoe (thereby ending forever the missing-leg look between hemline and shoe). Skirt, shoe, stocking—the line is there. Long and trim, easy, racy—you could get it with pants. But with a skirt!—with legs!—it's big, big news. . . . At the other extreme, a word about something you will not be seeing in these pages—but will see around. Namely, huge bulky skirts that hang to the middle of the calf. They have nothing to do with line, or with the everyday realities of walking down the street, getting in and out of cars, going through revolving doors—they are the opposite of allure. If you value your legs, beware: they will cut them in half . . . shorten and thicken your waist . . . and throw in 20 pounds just for the hell of it. . . . **The coat of the year is the roomier coat**—the coat that's oversized without being overpowering—it goes over everything and keys your whole look, gives it the line and finish of today. It can have the scale of a steamer coat, with a rounded raglan sleeve. It can be a deep-sleeved kimono of a coat, and narrow in the wrapping; can have the classic, straight-falling, drop-shoulder ease of a polo coat—*the* city/country coat! Your coat can have—best of all—a skirt of its own . . . and your look takes off from there. Your new pants coat: longer—to the calf—to wear with new, leaner pants. . . . **Don't forget your face** . . . we're into a season of muted colors and melding tones. They aren't "difficult," but they don't exactly put roses in your cheeks, either. Go for a makeup with warmth and clarity . . . peachy, corally, apricot tones. Avoid, equally, smouldery blue-reds and reticent pales—the first is a mood-killer; the other, instant anemia. . . . **Marvelous hair** is hair that moves—in waves—thick and glossy. It softens every look (if you've been tempted to bangs, this is the moment). Best length: clearing the shoulder (you don't want a lot of hair dripping down the collar of a big steamer coat), and even all around. . . . **The *only* hat** is a small, soft, unserious hat that looks as though it tilted itself on your head . . . and your hair waves out underneath. . . . **There are wonderful boots again**—for weather, for country. . . . **Everything turns on the look of your accessories**—the length and softness of a muffler, a scarf; the narrowness and texture of a belt—they soften, deepen, enrich. . . . **Watch velvet.** The little velvet suit at night—prettiest new dinner-at-a-restaurant look. . . . **The ankle-length dress coming in for evening. . . . The pyjama going on . . .** with feathers, with fluffs of fur, with sequins—light as gauze. . . . Trim and casual by day, all-out glamour by night—it's the breeze of fashion for fall, and it's blowing your way now . . . here.



Symbols

of the season—

Almost everything you're going to want to know about how we see women looking for fall can be summed up by the clothes on these six pages, and by the way they're worn. They are the news in prototype—the oversized line, the casual mood, the polish of the putting-together—the symbols of the season.



THE PUTTING-TOGETHER OF A COAT LOOK, WITH SKIRT AND SWEATER, right. Start with the idea that a coat doesn't exist in a vacuum—it works as a look or it doesn't work at all. There is a fashion reason for buying it and a reason for everything you put with, on, or under it.... Here, for instance, the best look of a big coat this season: the roomy, raglan-sleeved steamer coat, done by Calvin Klein in bay-brown leather and turned out, not as a Major Fashion Statement, but simply as a wonderfully attractive way for a woman to look on a fall day in the city. Everything has a reason... for warmth, softness: the blonde cashmere-y beret and muffler (see left), brown silk-print scarf, knitted gloves. To give line: the most perfect example of two-piece dressing underneath—the lean, blond cashmere pullover and bias skirt, the belt toned in. No sense of pieciness is the point—tones of one color all the way, deepening on legs and feet... extending the line... keeping it trim and racy. Like the line you get in pants... but how great to see legs for a change! Coat, about $280. Sweater, of Nomelle acrylic and cashmere, about $52; skirt of Dacron and cashmere, about $92 (both, Amicale Fabrics). Muffler, about $30. All, by Calvin Klein. At Bloomingdale's; Joseph Horne; Jacobson's; Marshall Field; Gus Mayer; Woolf Brothers; Neiman-Marcus. Don Kline beret—for details on this and other accessories, see next to last page... The hair and make-up that key the look on these six pages, by Rik Carlotta.

The beret, left—to wear tilted, with hair showing. Symbol of the unseriousness of hats... the racy, unmannered charm of fashion in general.... The muffler—symbol of softness—to vary the texture of clothes; to give warmth to leather, add depth to tweeds, loden, twill.

The bigger coat, right—with slim, soft pieces underneath, all toned in. Symbol of line and proportion.

FRANCESCO SCAVULLO


FRANCISCO SCAVULLO

Symbols of the season—
new take on casual

Same feeling of line, of finish. Same attitude of dressing as on the preceding page, but with a more sportive turn—casual here stands for the *most* casual way to be in the city this fall. (One step further is country: a change of shoe, a heavier texture of stocking, sweater . . . everything swings on the look of accessories . . .).

THE PUTTING-TOGETHER OF A CITY/CASUAL LOOK, WITH SEPARATE PIECES.
First, get your eye in on the jacket news, *right*—the longer length, the roomier line of the shoulder—the proportions practically tell you how to wear it. Balance is the key—fullness on top, narrowness below; extra length on the body, extra length on the leg....Here, in beige gabardine lined with a tight, checked tweed of rust, green, and sand, the perfect turnout of an oversized jacket—every piece balances, tones in, gives line: the beige crêpe shirt and scarf; the rust-and-green tweed knit sweater with a braid of leather belt around it; the skirt in the tweed of the jacket-lining; the beige-striped leg and the pretty city shoe—the slim, high-heeled, leg-lengthening shoe—in brown and luggage....
Woolmark jacket (Anglo Fabrics), about $138. Skirt, of wool and acrylic (Fabric by Woolmark Corp.), about $62. Sweater, of Orlon acrylic and mohair, about $28. Shirt and scarf, of acetate-and-rayon, about $36. All, Calvin Klein. August, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Garfinckel's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Dayton's; Neusteters; I. Magnin....The look of the hair, with its softness of line and suggestion of bangs, by Rick Gillette. Hat, Don Anderson for Scheer Bros. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Shoes by Andrea Pfister. Other accessories, next to last page this issue.

Layers of texture, left—the gabardine jacket, lining of tweed; the tweed-knit sweater; the shirt silky underneath—cool/warm, nubbly/smooth. Symbol of contrast—in an all-of-a-tone season, it's what gives life to the look. The soft little cloche—a reminder: anything more important in the way of a hat is old hat.

The longer, fuller jacket, right—over a longer, slim-falling skirt, plus higher-heeled shoe—stands for balance. And for the new jacket proportion.



Symbols of the season—

to beat the weather

A change in the weather, but not in the point of view—the casualness and polish, the ease and scale of the line are what you've been seeing for the past four pages. And are going to be seeing a lot more of this fall . . . it's what the new breeze in fashion is about. . . .

THE PUTTING-TOGETHER OF A WEATHER LOOK, *right.* Rain, wind, cold—one rule to steer by: form follows function. It's why a boot in the city looks right on a bad day, wrong on a fine one . . . why a souped-up raincoat looks pretentious when it's raining and silly when it's not, and a classic raincoat looks terrific all the time. It's why the season's raincoats look great to us; whether it's a button-out fur lining for warmth or a longer length that's going to keep pants dry in the rain, the form suits the purpose—they have a *reason*. . . . Here, for many reasons, Calvin Klein's longer, roomier brown poplin trenchcoat. The perfect weather coat—you can layer on a jacket, two sweaters, and a shirt without fattening the line. The perfect pants coat—not all the pants you've ever collected; when you see this length think narrow—and (when it's not raining) think flat little moccasin to wear with it. These pants, also by Calvin Klein, in the same pale-grey flannel that faces the coat; of Anglo Fabrics wool, loomed in America. About $60. Coat, N. Erlanger Blumgart fabric, of polyester and cotton finished with Zepel; about $150. Both, in August, at Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Halle's; Godchaux's; Swanson's; Esther Wolf; May D & F; Bullock's. Don Kline hat—for details on this and other accessories, see next to last page this issue.

Rain-head, left, wrapped and hatted—stands for basic fashion principles: what works best looks best.

The longer raincoat, right—symbol of the new length of a coat for pants.



The looks to watch for

The no-suit suit... the look of hair that softens everything

The finish of a suit, the feeling of being in sweaters, *left*—the turnout of a jacket and skirt for fall. Adolfo's tweedy knitted wool in tones of brown, specks of gold . . . ivory silk blouse underneath . . . a swing from the hip that makes you think: LEGS! . . . Three-piece suit, about $650. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Accessories, both pages, next to last page this issue.

Impression of bangs, waves, movement—*right*, the look of hair we like best for fall: it gives clothes softness and lift. Cut to clear the shoulder, even all around—and thick-looking (what nature hasn't provided, wigs or pieces will—Suga, who did the hair for these photographs, used Valentino's wig, of Monsanto's Elura modacrylic fiber). . . . As for color, what the muted tones of the season don't provide, makeup will. The pretty Real Live Blush here comes via a new Revlon source of good looks—everything for the coloring and care of skin in a compact, essentials-only collection called Charlie. Makeup, Way Bandy.

ARTHUR ELGORT



To watch for:

The dash of the polo coat... the sweater that's like a web of knitting... mufflers and scarves adding softness, texture

A big year for polo coats, *right*—everyone is doing them, and Givenchy's is perfection: the classic camel coloring, the classic straight-falling line—the all-time city/country coat! Here, with a fling of silk scarves, the Givenchy polo in wool, over one of his little striped pullovers and narrow grey wool flannel pants. By Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique. Coat, about $395. Pants, about $115. Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's; Jacobson's; Sakowitz; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.

Key sweater, *far right*—cowled, bloused, fitting on the hip like a peplum—Missoni's peach-pink mohair web wrapped in a cloud of mohair muffler, over their plaid skirt. The softest new look of a sweater, to wear with long skirts at home, with pants in the country, with skirts in town every day—first collectible of the season! Sweater, about $80. Muffler, about $35. Late July, Bloomingdale's Both pages: hair, Suga of Suga Salon; makeup, Way Bandy; nail color, Mavala's Roma. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

ARTHUR ELGORT





To watch for:

Skirts moving... legs coming through... the coat that wraps like a kimono

The swing of pleats, *left,* the toned-in leg and pretty shoe—the look—the lean, fast, unbroken line—that's going to make you want to be in a skirt again! This one, the skirt of Geoffrey Beene's two-piece dress—Bordeaux-and-beige wool, the easy little pullover touching on the hip. Of Agnona fabric, with a pink silk shirt (not shown); about $695. Mid-July, at Martha; Nan Duskin; Garfinckel's; Halle's; Swanson's; Neusteters. Geoffrey Beene scarf. Other accessories, next to last page.

The perfection of a wrap coat, *right*—Saint Laurent's navy wool kimono: the narrow-falling coat that's ample enough to go over anything . . . the day coat that works as an easy-evening coat . . . as a travel coat. One of the most useful—most beautifully proportioned coats you could own. By Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. About $300. Next month, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Hair, Maury Hopson. Valentino Elura wig of Monsanto modacrylic. Accessories, next to last page.

ARTHUR ELGORT



To watch for:

The ankle-showing length at night... newest length of evening dress

A treasure! *left*—the ankle-length dress that takes the mystery out of don't-dress dressing. Covered for the evening that turns out smallish, pretty enough to stand out in a roomful of sequins and feathers . . . John Anthony's fluid blouson-top dress in black silk satin with a tiny rust pattern. Of Bianchini/Onondaga fabric, about $445. Late July, at Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Duskin; Jacobson's; L.S. Ayres.

The most glamorous big-evening dress in town, *right*, John Anthony's shadow of black silk chiffon with bits of gold and silver glitter hung on like stars . . . cut to show ankles . . . cleavage . . . and a beautiful length of back. About $825. End of July, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Halle's; Maison Blanche. Hair, both pages: François of Suga Salon. Accessories, next to last page.

FRANCESCO SCAVULLO




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Surprise classics, unexpected neutrals—a great year for legs and feet

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SHOES IN YEARS!



The shoe you've been waiting for! The uncluttered, unclunky, really pretty shoe with a high, straight heel . . . slender toe. The neutral shoe that isn't a black shoe . . . that's a deep wine-red snakeskin . . . soft sensuous navy suède . . . chocolate velvet. Beautiful to the eye, to the touch . . . and wonderful on the foot. Simply the best shoes we've seen in years. Always with thin, textured tights toned-in. . . . It's the biggest news for feet and legs in a long, long time—suddenly, you think about showing them again . . . about being back in a skirt again! . . .

1. Snappy green moccasin on the highest stacked heel—new look for the classic casual shoe. By Florence Otway for Garolini, about $36. Miss Bergdorf Shoe Salon, Bergdorf Goodman; Sakowitz. Sheer green striped tights by Belle-Sharmeer. At Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Marshall Field. . . . **2.** Taupe T-strap with a straight walking heel, squared toe, darker leg. Christian Dior shoes, $50. Mid-August at Saks Fifth Avenue. Round-the-Clock tights. At Altman's; Hudson's; Bullock's. . . . **3.** Bordeaux snakeskin—everywhere this season! Here, the open-toe slingback on a straight heel. Bruno Magli, about $55. Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz. . . . **4.** The most flattering high-heeled pump in navy suède, curved at the throat. Andrew Geller, about $38. Bonwit Teller; Frost Bros. . . . **5.** The perfect slingback—clean, simple—rust-red calf, stacked heel. Bruno Magli, about $48. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. . . . **6.** High-heeled T-strap in paprika red with grey piping, dots . . . dash. David Luis for Pankin International, about $42. I. Miller; Sakowitz. . . . What goes with all the shoes—Geoffrey Beene's grey-and-white striped two-piece dress. Hat: Don Anderson for Scheer Bros. Earrings by Peter and Peggy for P.C. Designs. . . . The makeup with neutrals—soft, clear, pretty-with-everything color. Here, clear Island Peach Naturally Moist Lipcolor and Huntcoat Red Nail Lacquer. Both from Elizabeth Arden.

AVEDON

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SHOES IN YEARS!

The classic slingback—one of the sexiest, most becoming shoes ever invented.... News for late day/little evenings in two tones, two textures of grey—pale calf, dark suède—to wear with thinnest grey tights in a faint herringbone stripe. Yves Saint Laurent shoes, about $60. August, at Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Roman Stripe tights, at Bergdorf Goodman. Pleated print skirt, Lux Sport.

The surprise shoe for evening: instead of black—the richest shade of chocolate velvet. Instead of a sandal: the perfect, classic high-heeled pump, with an open toe—in a season of beautiful shoes, one of the most! David Evins, about $56. At I. Miller; I. Magnin. Satin blouse, Chester Weinberg/N.O.W. Studio (details, next to last page). Hammered gold-and-jade cuff, from David Webb. Hair, Alan Purver.... A pretty makeup for evening is super soft. Like the makeup here, with a soft, true shade of coral on the mouth—Coral Beads, a creamy, rich Imperial Formula lipstick.

AVEDON

For late day and evening, shoes are prettier than ever—slim, high-heeled. Super-feminine! And there's always a twist of color...





The perfect walking shoe, above: the classic Oxford on a medium stacked heel. With this year's twist of color and texture—clear, warm orange-red suède with a deeper shade of red calf. By Yves Saint Laurent, about $65. Next month, at Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz.

The most casual, most classic, inset below —the stacked-heel moccasin in warm butterscotch calf—the indispensable shoe for day, for pants. By Yves Saint Laurent. About $60, at Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus. Fashion details and accessories, next to last page. Hair, by Alan Purver.



The surprise of a deep-green sandal and green legs—the prettiest high-heeled "snake" sandal and thin, striped tights to wear for day with a herringbone skirt . . . grey flannel . . . beige tweed . . . any muted color—this season, the most color is the color you have for feet and legs! Golo sandal. About $35. Bonwit Teller; Kaufmann's. Penn-Carol tights. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Oscar de la Renta skirt.

For city dressing—the best-looking day shoes in surprise colors...legs always toned-in...

The new softness of a boot—glove-soft, supple on the leg, in tan leather with a higher, straighter, *prettier* heel. To wear in the country with heavier, textured tights, a longer suède skirt . . . to wear for cold weather anywhere. Boots, about $135. At Beth's Bootery, Saks Fifth Avenue. Herbert Levine boots, also at Neiman-Marcus. Rust-and-beige herringbone tights, by Hanes. Bloomingdale's; Hudson's. Anne Klein suède skirt.



Good for weather, for country, for walking—the shoe with a thick crêpe sole and heel. Here, in a wonderful deep shade of rust suède, stitched at the edges and strapped. By Givenchy, about $58. Next month, Delman Salon, at Bergdorf Goodman; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Fashion details and accessories, next to last page of this issue.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SHOES IN YEARS!

For country dressing/weather dressing—the boot... the crêpe-soled shoe....

AVEDON

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SHOES IN YEARS!

The perfect shoe, left—the absolutely simple, classic pump with a slender toe, new high heel. And dazzling new color—a surprise mix of gold and bronze, reptile-textured. On the leg—pale, thin beige-stripe tights. Andrew Geller shoes, about $40. At Bonwit Teller; Frost Bros. Schiaparelli tights. End of July, at Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Hudson's; Sakowitz; J. W. Robinson.

The newest T-strap—a light, delicate slingback in sable-brown calf, with thin, thin strips of gold, silver, and bronze—a subtle new glamour for evening. And extra-pretty on the foot. By Herbert Levine, about $60. Delman Salon, at Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Florida. The greige tweed coat with fox cuffs, by Geoffrey Beene. Hair by Alan Purver.

For late day/small evenings—shoes that gleam in unexpected ways

AVEDON

Stops-out



[illegible] striped pyjama [illegible] luxurious wrap of [illegible] sensational kind of evening. Velvet of viscose and silk (Yves Gonnet fabric). About $975.Late July, Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's; L.S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus; Neusteters; I. Magnin. The turn of a classic at night, *right*—the easy glamour of a simple black cardigan glittered with sequins and fringe . . . over a sleeveless white satin shirt, black satin pants—terrific! By Bill Blass. Pants and shirt, of silk (Lafitte fabric). Jacket, of Sequins International fabric. About $925. Late July, at Bergdorf Goodman; Halle's; L.S. Ayres; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus; Neusteters; I. Magnin. Hair, these four pages, Suga of Suga Salon. Accessories, next to last page, this issue.

glamour

FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

All-out pretty

Satin and lace—the prettiest, most feminine things that you can be in for a small, very private evening at home. . . . The lacy black peplum camisole, *left,* with matching black satin de lys pants, striped in lace down the leg, and a velvet cardigan edged in marabou to slip over your shoulders. By Fernando Sanchez; satin de lys, of nylon, polyester, and silk (Registered Fabrics); velvet, of acetate and rayon (Martin Fabrics). Camisole, about $30; pants, about $45; cardigan, about $130. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Extra-pretty, *right,* for the most private evenings—a long peach satin robe with touches of écru Chantilly lace, wrapped over a matching pyjama (all you add is champagne). By Bill Tice ESP, of Qiana nylon. Satin robe, about $120; pyjama (top not shown), about $120. August, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page.

FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

READY-TO-WEAR

THE BEST OF THE NEW LOOKS FROM PARIS & ITALY

The best of the looks from the Paris and Italian collections is that of a very feminine woman wrapping herself in the most beautiful fabrics to keep herself warm. But she never lets it be forgotten that she is slim and sexy underneath. Her coat or cape is looser, fuller, and longer (anywhere from three inches below the knee to the ankle) than it was last year but it is never bulky or overpowering. Whether it is a mohair knit coat or a flaring flannel cape, it is unlined and unstructured, in fabric light and soft enough to move beautifully as she walks. Underneath she wears a skirt. It, too, is longer, fuller, but it is always snug over the hips to give a slender silhouette. Sometimes it is a narrow dirndl with perfectly placed gathers; sometimes it has unpressed pleats falling softly from a wide belted waistband; sometimes it skims over the hips with unpressed pleats. With this skirt she wears a sweater set or the prettiest blouse. The sweater, in thin, flat knit that hugs the body, can be tucked neatly into the skirt or gathered into a soft peplum by a fine drawstring. It has lots of details—openwork crochet designs, a loose wide collar, a triple-roll turtleneck, a scarf in the same knit attached at the neck and to tie a dozen different ways or let float free. The cardigan is short (an inch or two below the waist), sometimes in a heavier knit than the sweater and looks young and casual as it swings away from the body. The blouse is as pretty as it can be. In crêpe de Chine, it has rows of faggotting, tucks, tone-on-tone embroidery, lace insets, and a completely new collar: a Buster Brown—but narrowly edged with lace or a ruffle.

There is news, too, in the dress—especially when it has the look of separates. The most important shape is the easy, roomy top (sometimes buttoning on the side like a Cossack shirt) perfectly proportioned to slimmed-down skirts. It's newest sashed at the waist in tone-on-tone colors.

Evenings spell sheer seduction. Mere wisps of chiffon, crêpe de Chine, georgette float against the body, caressing it, revealing it. They are delicately worked, with hand-rolled edges rather than hems, lace insets, ruffles wide and soft enough to form a sleeve. They are hand-painted, embroidered, shot with subtle glitter as well. Forget about hard lines . . . there's not one in sight.—ELSA KLENSCH



For day—passementerie trim Russian



For evening—the fullness of a Cossack shirt

Skirts—great new shapes



The perfectly proportioned dirndl—in velvet for day

Hip-hugging with soft fullness



The swinging wrap-over



MARY RUSSELL

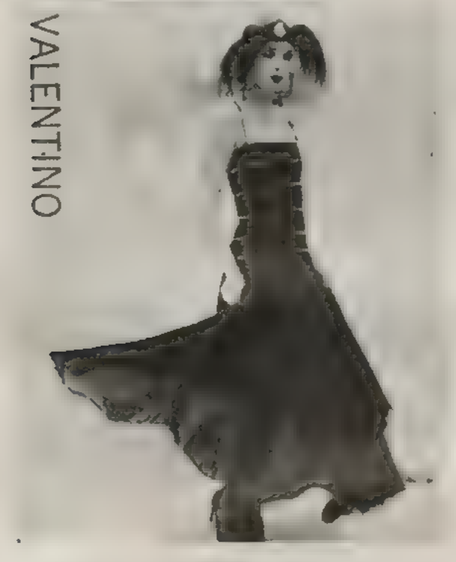
Fluid evenings



The luxe of layers of crêpe de Chine, printed and plain.. the swirl of chiffon



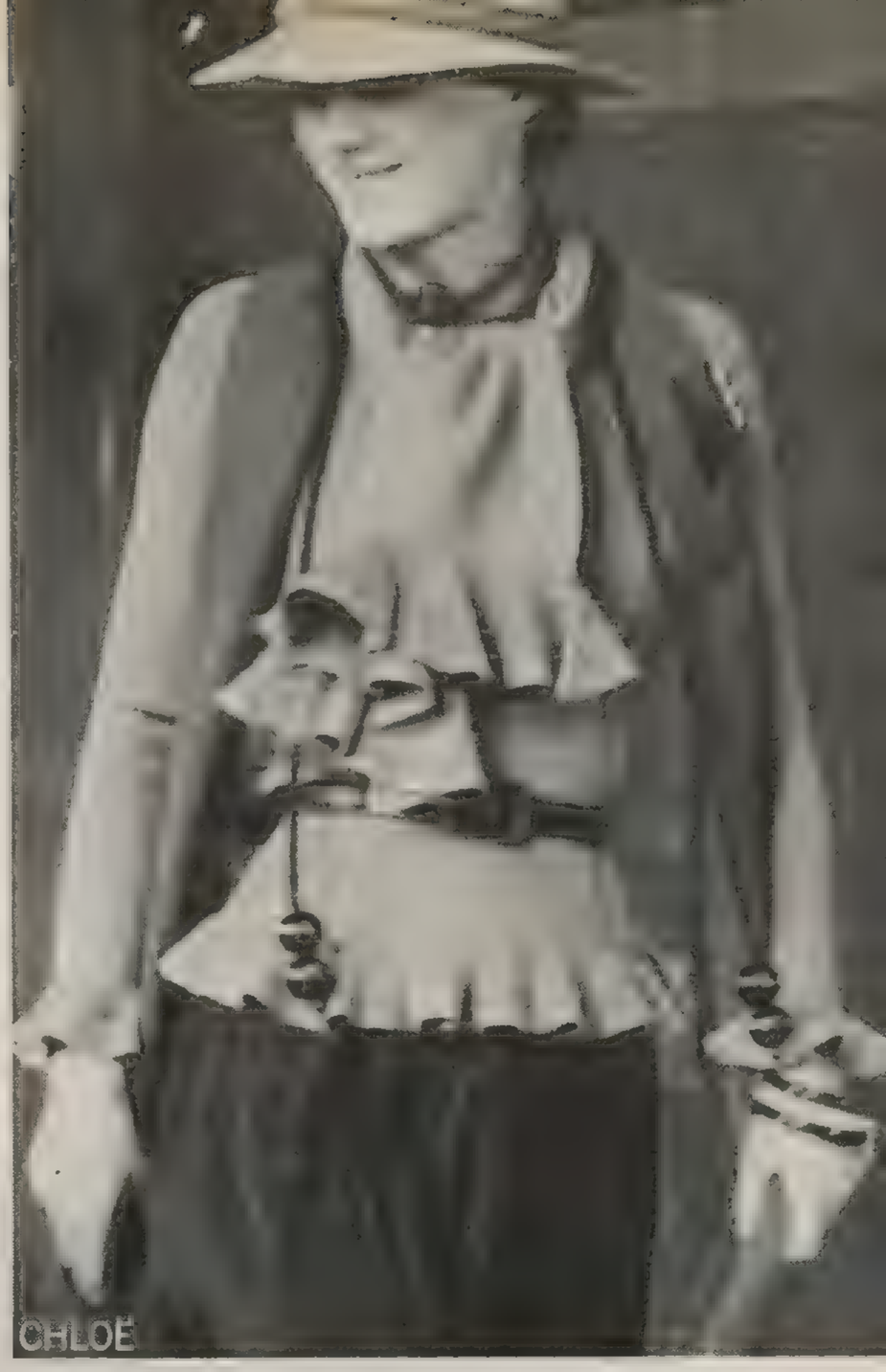
The ease of softly gathered silk jersey.



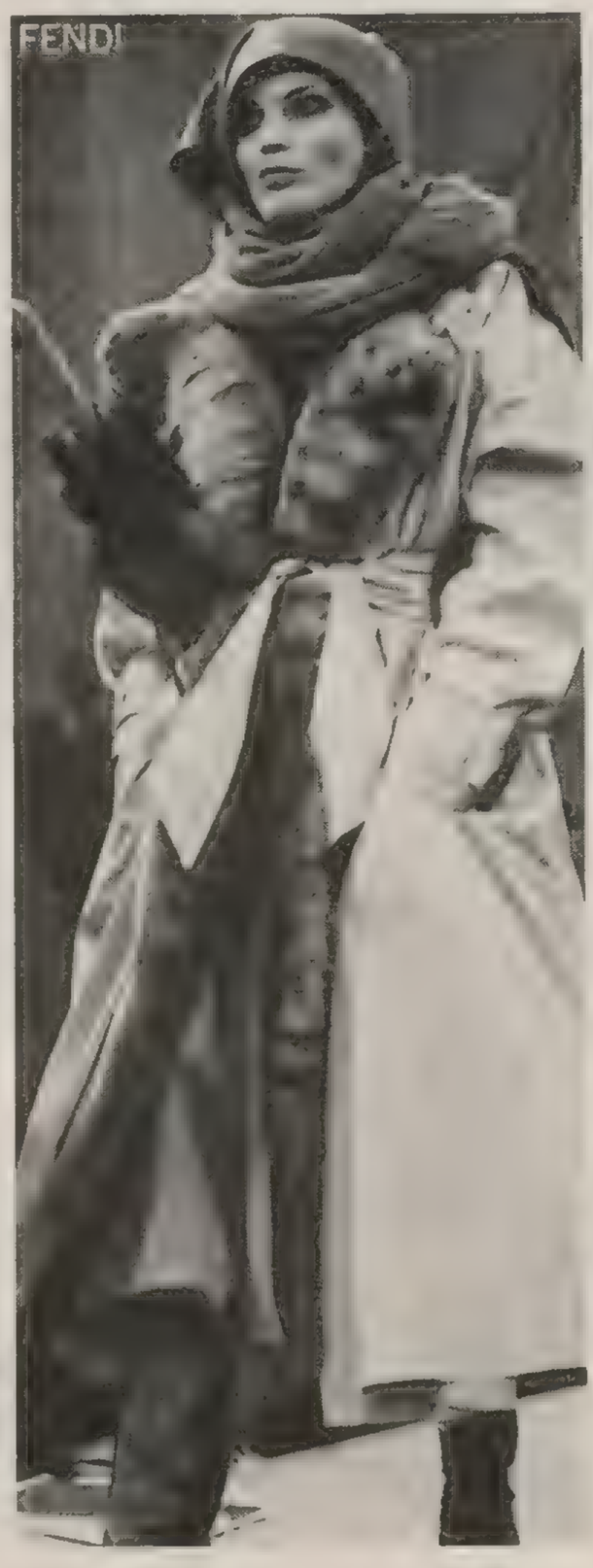
Ruffled at the cuff, hem, neck, and on its own delicious scarf

The surplice wrap, prettiest in pales





Sweaters as soft as a blouse



The great flattery of the fur-lined rain coat



The flare of paper-thin flannel

The shawl... simply a giant fringed triangle for country warmth

THE NEW ACCESSORIES

Scarfs can be nine feet long. Fringed mufflers (sometimes two and three at a time) wind around the neck, knot in front or float lightly away from the body. Squares and oblongs do double duty, too . . . are bowed at the necks on blouses, sashed at the waist, knotted over the turtleneck of a sweater.

Longer skirt lengths need higher heels. For the city, delicate, T-strap, three-inch-heel shoes; for the country, the new two-inch-heel straight boot, crushed at the ankle. Legs are tone in tone with the shoe, the skirt. Texture is coming back. Watch for ribs, fine stripes. The head is covered and small . . . in crocheted skull caps, boyar caps, bordered with fur; soft-brim, deep-crown hats pinned with flowers.

Pins are news—on a collar, scarf, hat, or on the shoulder—from small Art Deco clips to a life-size calla lily. The big soft bag, always over the shoulder, continues for day; the envelope for the evening. Knit gloves newest when patterned. Belts are slightly wider (to an inch and a half) and are more detailed, with pinked edges, passementerie trim, and braiding.

The two-piece dress



The look of separates is key

Drama—the big cover-up

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Talking American with a new, wry twist and hurt. As in *Submission of Recorded Presidential Conversations to the Committee on the Judiciary of the House of Representatives by President Richard M. Nixon:* **EXPLETIVE DELETED, CHARACTERIZATION DELETED, UNINTELLIGIBLE.** Or as in *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence,* wherein Marchetti (former CIA man) and Marks (former State Department man) probe and document. The pages of their just-published book look like diagrams for Swiss-cheese slices, what with dozens of blanks marked **DELETED**—the said deletions being by order of the CIA.... The word within the word "impeachment"—peach. And the kernel of any peach, as any who-dun-it *Feinschmecker* knows, contains cyanide.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...**Magic,** the old-fashioned now-you-see-it-now-you-don't, saw-the-bee-yoo-tee-fool-maiden-in-half kind. One shrewd-eyed, future-minded Mom's sent her four kiddies (ages 12-15) off to a school which specializes in teaching the art to that age group. "I thought," she said, "they could do their acts at children's parties and that'll pay off better than baby-sitting ...and when they go to college...."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...Jazz and the scurry through Manhattan streets, right now, to go beat-me-daddy-eight-to-the-bar at the ten-day-long **Newport Jazz Festival—New York 1974.** And the big Big Apple goes solid razzmatazz when the hottest cool in the business, Diana Ross, moves stage center at midnight, July 7, at Radio City Music Hall. That's when they'll *Jam Session for Diana* until you shake like a jelly.... **The Mandarin Way,** an autobiography-*cum*-recipe book by Cecilia Sun Yun Chiang, who lavishly lived that life in long-ago China, tells of those beautifully composed days as if she were counting kingfisher feathers while consuming endless glorious tiffins and din-dins. Typically old China: a table service consisting completely of unmatched porcelains is the most elegant.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... **Beverly Sills,** not the grandest grand-opera Beverly but the woman brimming with practical sunshine, who said, while pleading for financial support for the arts on a radio broadcast, "In all the years of my life, I've never heard of a war that was underfinanced or a war that had to stop because it ran out of money."...The sudden spectacular success of Italian movie director Liliana Cavani whose **Il Portiere di Notte (The Night Porter)** has all Rome seething over its *Jugendstil* look—quirky costumes by Piero Tosi, the *Death in Venice* man; its hair-raiser plot; its English, Cavani-remade star, **Charlotte Rampling,** who's wildly S-M over her Nazi lover, emoted by Dirk Bogarde umbrageously....**Ballato's,** deep in Manhattan's loft-y SoHo, where, for years, local denizens and some know-bests from elsewheres relished the pasta plus. Now its almost impossible to get in since art-critic-turned-restaurant-monitor John Canaday told all about it in his *New York Times* column. The quality and some of the quantity huddle on the pavement while inside, Warhol!

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...The unexpected reappearance of pianist **Vladimir Horowitz** on the concert stage. After six non-concertizing years, there he was suddenly in Cleveland. "Why, you'd never think he's sixty-nine. He plays like a twenty-year-old!" said an awed listener. "Wrong," said another. "No twenty-year-old could play that way. No one can. Not even Horowitz!" ...**Pennies,** the current copper kind, and the shrewds hefting them because of great expectations when our government deletes the copper content, replaces it with maybe aluminum or steel. There's a 1955 copper worth over $100 right now....The increasing influx of tourists from abroad, especially from France, who go enthusiastically stateside, even renting homes away from home in Malibu, California, where current pop-music scene royals are acquiring real estate.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT..."Threnody," the largest integrated sequence of paintings by a contemporary American artist. **Cleve Gray** astonishingly conceived the fourteen monumentals as a single mural to fill completely the wall space of an enormous room in the Neuberger Museum, State University of New York at Purchase. Enthralled viewers go into a reposeful ecstasy midst the vastness of carefully controlled color so plangent that you seem to hear what you see. ...The buddy-buddy antics of *Washington Post* crackplots Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, meticulously detailing, in their **All the President's Men** (Simon and Schuster), how they undid it. They write it down third person plural, as though all they did was done by some other guys, but emerge strictly first person exhilaratingly singular, loaded with just rewards: huge book sales, a movie-buy by America's sweetheart **Robert Redford,** who will play Woodward. So why shouldn't the Sundance Kid?

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...A brace of could-be summer-comer movies. **Uptown Saturday Night** has going for it: Poitier, Cosby, Belafonte, Flip W., and is so adroitly nonsense-headed that you get to believing that all is right with the world. Michael Crichton's **The Terminal Man** is George Segal, permitting *them* to open his skull for the good of *you*—which, because of the horribly peculiar results, makes *you* sure that all will never be all right with the world. Especially if *they* gain control of *your* mind. ...American choreographer **John Neumeier,** whose flic-flak ballets titillate Hamburg, Germany, other continental centers and are now coming home to roost—his skitty-sometimes-witty *Don Juan,* onstage earlier this year when the National Ballet of Canada visited, got it good *and* bad; his version of Stravinsky's *Le Baiser de la Fée* premieres July 18 in American Ballet Theatre's July 2-to-August 10 New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, season.

PEOPLE ARE TAKING ABOUT...The possibilities of **living forever** if you happen to be bacteria like those found in the Antarctica wastes and, after being defrosted by a team of California scientists, clearly confirmed that they had survived between 10,000 to a million years....The nonagenarian, glued to her telly, who exclaimed, "The world's in a dizzy!"—LEO LERMAN



P·E·T·E·R

Peter Bogdanovich and Cybill Shepherd (she's gone spectacularly Cole Porter '30's, *above,* for our photograph) know a secret: if you tell all, or seem to, you can lead a deeply private life while going steady in public. So to one reporter *he* says, "Living together is so much sexier." And to another reporter *she* says, "We don't think about living together, we do it." And to us, *he* says, "Miss Shepherd and I made a picture called *The Last Picture Show* [Peter glimpsed Cybill on a fashion-magazine cover: Cybill got the job without a test—she'd never even acted before] and I thought she was wonderful in the part. Our relationship developed [while he was making *What's Up, Doc?* and *Paper Moon* and she was lensing *The Heartbreak Kid*]. Then I thought it would be a good idea to make a picture called *Daisy Miller.* [Now



EVA SERENY

A·N·D H·I·S C·Y·B·I·L·L

viewers think that Henry James wrote *Daisy* for Cybill!] I thought it would be fun to do an album. That's our current *Cybill Does It . . . to Cole Porter* [which Cybill indeed does—astonishingly]. And we're going to make a musical movie with Burt Reynolds and twenty-three Cole Porter songs, all set in New York in the '30's. . . . We do publicity, like this interview, because it goes part and parcel with the business we're in, which is entertaining the folks. But making the picture, the album is the fun. Our relationship off-screen isn't anybody's business." Meanwhile back in their Bel Air moviestar mansion (it was Mrs. Clark Gable's), surrounded by the flower gardens Cybill cultivates as intensely, energetically as she does anything that really interests her, Peter and his Cybill continue blithely to lead their public private lives passionately cool. The center of their lives? Cybill-Peter-Movies. When they're not planning, making them, they're looking at them: Peter's the only American movie critic who's ever segued triumphantly to moviemaking. Says *she*, "Peter expects more of people than they even do of themselves. He makes you better than you are." Says *he*, "Jacy, in *The Last Picture Show*, is an aspect of Cybill's character; so's Daisy Miller; so's Brooke, the very upper-class girl she plays in the new movie with the Cole Porter songs. Cybill is very American. I was conceived in Europe by a Serbian father and a Viennese mother. I was born two months after they arrived here. This explains the duality in me. While I feel very American, I also feel kind of European."

Peter gives Cybill a very Viennese love-look: he's definitely got the Lubitsch touch. Cybill says to Peter, "You're always on the actor's side." "I was and am an actor," says Peter. That's how it is between pros.—L.L.

HARRY WINSTON DIAMONDS

Born Happy

AN INTERVIEW
BY CATERINE MILINAIRE



FIRST BREATH: HE WON'T CRY LONG
Still covered with vernix, this newborn takes the initiatory throat-and-lung-searing breath. M. Le Boyer waits before he cuts the umbilical cord, lets the baby keep on taking oxygen from the mother until the baby adjusts to getting it in a new way, breathes easily.

IDEAL ENVIRONMENT: IN A WARM TUB
Swimming in a lukewarm bath, with lights and sounds muted, the baby revels again in the weightlessness he knew in the uterus. The doctor holds his head while he relaxes, stretches, plays, reaches a calm acceptance of the outside.



SAFE PLACE: ON MOTHER'S BELLY
Instead of a spine-tangling jerk upside down and a wrap-up in alien cloth, this baby is given a rest on mother's abdomen and a gentle hugging, to ease the emotional hurt of separation. The mother's skin is warm and smooth, can touch the baby's fragile skin without rasping.

How many problems begin at birth with the child sobbing in anguish? One French doctor, Frederick Le Boyer, delivers cheerful babies in a new, controversial way

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In January, 1972, Caterine Milinaire told Vogue readers about the home birth of her daughter, Serafine; here, she discusses another approach to childbirth. The following article, as well as the previous one, will be part of her book* Birth, *to be published soon by Harmony Books, Crown Publishers, Inc.*

Frederick Le Boyer is a French doctor, author, and filmmaker who has developed some revolutionary techniques for welcoming a newborn into the world. From intense observation of newborn reaction at birth, M. Le Boyer (who prefers not to be labeled as a doctor) has devised various ways to make the passage from life in the uterus to life outside a smooth episode. His prime concerns, besides safety for mother and child, are breathing, light, sound, touch, and the spine. Gentleness is his primary objective. He has made a half-hour film, *Blissful Birth*, documenting the evolution of the newborn from a state of primal panic to one of calmness; written a book on the same subject; and produced a record especially for future mothers to play for soothing the newborn. Here he discusses how he developed his theory, what he does during and after the delivery, and the astonishing results of his work.

Caterine: What made you become so interested in the newborn?

Frederick: It's a long story, a long road. I realized that modern medicine had concentrated on the woman giving birth. The technical snags, that is, have been resolved for the most part and a lot of care and attention has been showered upon the mother. Methods and drugs have been developed to alleviate her suffering (if any) and most women feel much more secure now about giving birth. This is probably the reason why so many women today want to be active and conscious participants in the birth of their children. So-called "painless childbirth" in fact aims at birth without fear. Women learn about the process of birth and gain a better understanding of human reproduction. At the centers associated with birth, anxieties and fears are aired and eventually disappear.

Each of us carries within, throughout life, the imprint of birth. As I was delivering those thousands of children I kept on wondering why those babies cried so much once they were born.

One day I started to get very interested in the newborn baby. This baby is born, cries, and often the more he cries the happier people are. They say, "The lungs are developing," or "This is a sign of strength," or some such inconsiderate conclusion. So I started looking at the newborn with a different eye. I thought this child should be content, feeling good, since at last he can move freely again as he did before he was in a tight prison.

C: What do you mean by a "tight prison"?

F: Well, there are two different periods for the fetus in the womb. In the first period of pregnancy the baby feels at ease. The egg and fluid develop at a faster rate than the fetus and he has lots of room to move, he is weightless. During the second half, movement becomes more difficult. The baby is still growing but his environment does not expand anymore at such a rate. The little one's universe gets smaller and smaller. It is a constriction after the early freedom. He has to bend over, fold arms and legs. The pressure on him comes to a paroxysm when labor starts. He is pushed all around, his head is squeezed and at last he is born! At that point he should be able to feel relief and enjoy his new freedom. It seemed to me to be an extraordinary paradox, that life should begin with such a contradiction. It must be an error on our part somewhere!

How could we make this newborn feel well upon arrival? How could we let him feel that his new condition is so far better than his previous one?

All right, we each interpret other people's actions and reactions according to our own social structure. Some people will see a newborn's cries as a manifestation of triumphant life; others, as cries of torture. All I can tell you is that I have seen and listened to a lot of newborns. It became evident that what we have there is a kind of heavy sobbing. I wondered why the baby breathed so well but cried and cried. Why such screaming and lamenting? It was like an unlimited sadness. So I tried to understand what the suffering of being born was all about and how it could be helped right then and there. There is no doubt that the suffering stems from the huge contrasts between what the infant has been through before and what he experiences at birth. But also, I am convinced that the lack of understanding with which the newborn are welcomed is one of the prime causes.

Most of the time babies are regarded as if they were living *objects*, something that does not see, hear or have a consciousness, and because of this there is no need to treat them with the respect due to a human being. I thought again and again, if this child in his mother's womb can hear, see and feel he must continue to do so when he emerges outside of his mother. It is as if, without preparation, we found ourselves on the moon. It is total anguish, first degree panic. Out of the uterus, the body has a different weight and density. Its surroundings are vast and unfamiliar. The sounds it hears are tremendous and the air it breathes is different in substance. From then on it came to me that this child was frightened by all this. Fear is mostly brought on by the unknown, something that we do not recognize as being familiar, such as in the case of the newborn.

I sought to make the transition from internal to external life a gradual development by prolonging some of the sensations felt in the uterus, and by slowly introducing the baby to the new ones.

All new babies are, in fact, hypersensitive through the skin, the eyes, and the ears. They are in a raw state.

From the moment one realizes that being born is a tidal wave of sensations, it becomes very easy to help the newborn. Let him have the new sensations as slowly and progressively as possible and not all at once.

Light and Sound: To begin with, I deliver babies in dim light, indirect light to save the eyes. My whole film was shot in black and white in extremely low light. I ask for silence from all of the people around. In the womb the sounds are absorbed and softened by the amniotic fluid, but when the baby is born sounds and noises are explosive. A newborn perceives sounds the same way that a fish does; all over the skin surface. The whole body is one vast ear.

Breathing and the Spine: At the same time I let the newborn slowly enter the world of breathing. Air is brand new and it burns as it goes down. I wait awhile before cutting the umbilical cord to allow him two ways of breathing. He still receives oxygen through the blood pulsating in the cord while he is getting used to the air outside. Another very important area to the newborn, very often overlooked, is the spine. All the life energy goes through the spine. You become very conscious of this doing yoga, any of the martial arts or Tai-chi. The spine should be handled with the greatest of care. A newborn is held delicately and not jerked upside down as a welcome! The first gesture shouldn't be one of brutality. Whatever the treatment given to this little person at birth, the first contact outside the womb is bound to stay in a corner of his mind all of his life, and even though we cannot remember it, it becomes part of us.

We have quite a hard time understanding each other as adults. Children we understand even less and babies not at all. We cannot enter a baby's mental structure. I went through psychoanalysis and retraced many decisive moments in my life, (Continued on page 121)



FIRST SMILE: IT CAN COME WITHIN MINUTES

Parents often wait weeks to pen the date of Baby's First Smile in the family record book. Children who arrive with sensitive and thoughtful help can become serene within minutes, may smile at the world before the first hour is up.

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Eggs Now

Magic

America's most spectacular musical, *Hallelujah Hollywood*, is now playing Vegas, plans to glory on there for years. "We'll maintain an altitude low enough for the ogglers, but safe from the pinchers!" That's the crafty way of *Hallelujah* girl life.

Not in Paris nor London, not on Broadway nor in any current movie is there anything like the extravaganza goings-on in the Ziegfeld Room (a 900-seat, technologically unique theater) of the MGM Grand Hotel, Las Vegas. *Hallelujah Hollywood*, a two-hour non-stop tribute to MGM's fabulous past (on these two pages a look-see) has everything save a Sinatra- or Liza-caliber star: a corner on the European rhinestone market; more feathers than a continent of ostriches; dozens of curvaceous dazzlers from all over the world—displaying their ooh-la-las!; magic, beastie acts; wonderful old show tunes; and the most exhilaratingly classy costumes in show bizness—over 700 by Bob Mackie and Ray Aghayan. Designers of Cher's and Channing's glitter-glamours, Bob and Ray are the real taste-making stars of *Hallelujah Hollywood*.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



At right, how the movie turned out: six shots from the ninety caught-live minutes of film—some instants direct as rifle fire; other passages ambiguous, symbol-hinting—that director Sontag composed to make "Promised Lands," filmed during the 1973 Arab-Israeli war. From the top: wax effigy of Nazi German Adolf Eichmann; soldiers tank-borne at Suez; deserted corpse of a Syrian fighter; two views of an Israeli mass funeral; a young soldier on patrol, minutes before a shell hit his post.

Susan Sontag tells how it feels to

Make a Movie

Filmmaking is a privilege and a privileged life. Filmmaking is nitpicking, anxiety, fights, claustrophobia, exhaustion, euphoria. Filmmaking is feeling almost undone by sentimental goodwill toward the people you're working with part of the time, feeling misunderstood or let down or betrayed by them the rest of the time. Filmmaking is catching inspiration on the wing. Filmmaking is flubbing the catch, and sometimes knowing the fool that's to blame is yourself. Filmmaking is blind instinct, petty calculations, smooth generalship, daydreaming, pigheadedness, grace, bluff, risk.

That the sense of risk which accompanies making a film is so much steeper than the one that goes with writing seems, as professional secrets go, disconcertingly well-known. When I tell friends I've finished a story or an essay or a novel, no one inquires solicitously: "Are you pleased with it?" And: "Did it come out the way you hoped?" But this is just what I am usually asked when I've finished a film. The implication is that to write means taking a direct route between one's plans and their execution. A writer's intentions and hopes have no place to go except to end up, clearly reflected, in the finished writing. At any rate, if they don't, it is not the writer himself or herself who is likely to be aware of the lag. But with a movie, everyone (including people who have never watched one being made) supposes that the path between the filmmaker's intention and the completed film is strewn with implacable hazards and dingy pressures, that any film is the more or less damaged survivor of an appalling obstacle race.

People aren't mistaken. Writing means knowing what's in your head that's interesting, having the craft to get it out, having the patience to sit long enough at a table to get it down. (And having the judgment to know when it could be better. And the tenacity to keep revising until it's as good as you can make it.) Writing is between you and your demons; between you and that quaint nineteenth-century machine, the typewriter. It's an inside job, essentially: an act of the will. But willpower will never take you all the way in making a film. Directing a film means trying to be smart not just about oneself and the world and our glorious English language, but being dependent on and trying to be smart about uncontrollable capricious elements, like actors and machinery (twentieth-century stuff) and weather and money—more likely than not to get out of hand. Where everything can, it often goes wrong. Orson Welles was scarcely exaggerating the matter when he said, "A director is someone who presides over accidents." Yet for someone like myself, addicted to the ascetic solitude of writing, it is a welcome release to get out there and do battle with the accidents, trying to "preside" over them. However dismaying is the gap between your idea prior to the shooting, and what you finally have in the can, you have to feel gratitude for what providence has brought as well as bad luck has spoiled. It's relief to hear other voices than my own. It's good to be a bit battered and bruised by that reality over which one suspects, sometimes, one has gained easy ("willful") victories alone at the typewriter.

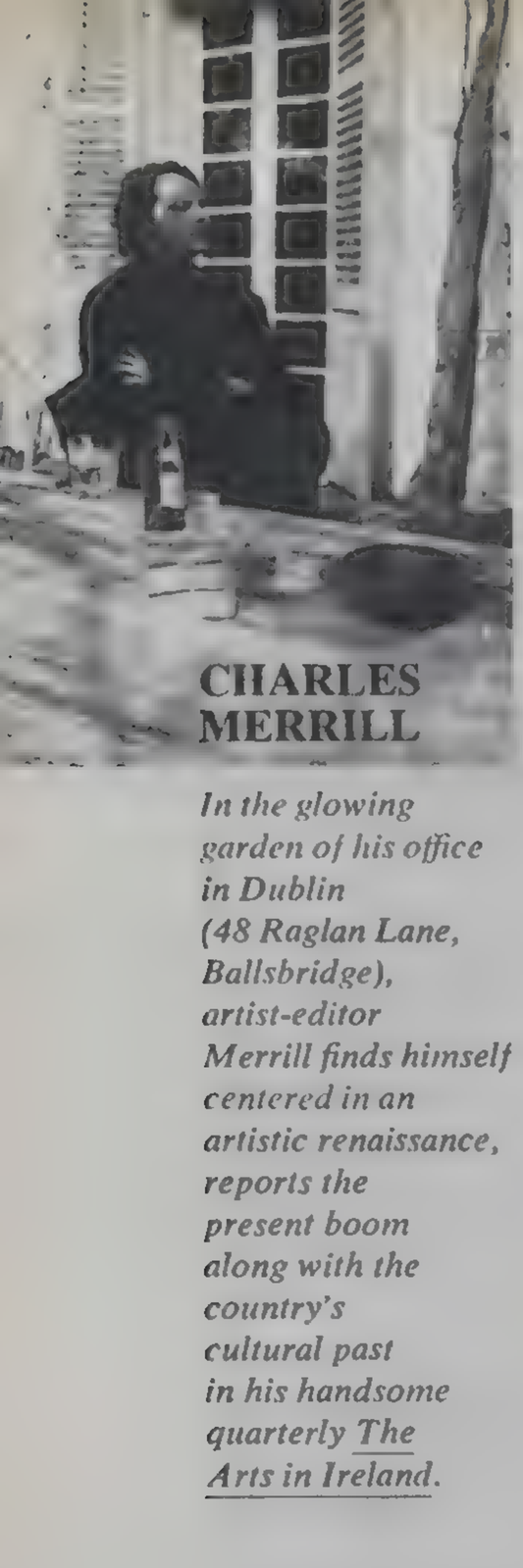
Of course, there is a big difference between making films with actors, armed with a script—"fiction" films—and films that require plunging, unarmed, into a reality. But it is not necessarily the expected difference. Having made two fiction films, both in Sweden (*Duet for Cannibals* in 1969 and *Brother Carl* in 1971), I anticipated a much less personal kind of filming when I arrived in Israel with a small crew during the recent Arab-Israeli war to make a so-called documentary. The result, a feature-length color film which I finished editing this spring and has just had its world premiere in New York in June, surprised me. Though a "documentary," *Promised Lands* is the most personal film I have made. It's not personal in the sense that I appear in the film (I don't) or that there is, as in most documentaries, a "voice-over" narration (there isn't) which I wrote. It's personal because of my relation to the material in the film—found, not devised by me—and because of that material's uncanny fit with themes (Continued on page 118)

When a major writer turns to another medium the process is as different as the product

An American writer whose novels and essays have startled (in fourteen languages), a film director whose fiction films have provoked, Susan Sontag has devised —to carry her complex ideas about the unsolved, perhaps unsolvable "opposition between two rights" of Israel and the Arab lands —a new kind of movie, part lecture, part poem, that lets the viewer stay uninvolved but won't let him stop thinking.

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

the Arts grow



CHARLES MERRILL

In the glowing garden of his office in Dublin (48 Raglan Lane, Ballsbridge), artist-editor Merrill finds himself centered in an artistic renaissance, reports the present boom along with the country's cultural past in his handsome quarterly The Arts in Ireland.

More is greening in Ireland than flax and shamrocks. In 1969, the people of the Republic of Ireland—a tranquil federation that does not include the violence-marred counties of the North—acted gallantly in welcoming to their country some independent, provocative people: artists. A bill was passed giving relief from Irish income taxes to any writer, composer, painter, or sculptor establishing residence in the Republic. Such financial catnip was hardly needed; the island's beauty is lure enough. Always a cooling green attractor of summer travelers, Ireland now—with a pouring-in of all sorts of lively artistic people—is an even more diverse and fascinating spot to visit. The upsurge of arts also brought along a new quarterly—*The Arts in Ireland*—put together by painter-sculptor-editor Charles Merrill. In touch with the whole of the Irish-arts scene and a photographer as well, Mr. Merrill has chosen for his pictures here and on the next two pages a sampling of artists now living in Ireland and of those who foster Irish arts. Some say that Ireland is "the last uncrowded country," but talents multiply there.



MARIA SIMONDS-GOODING

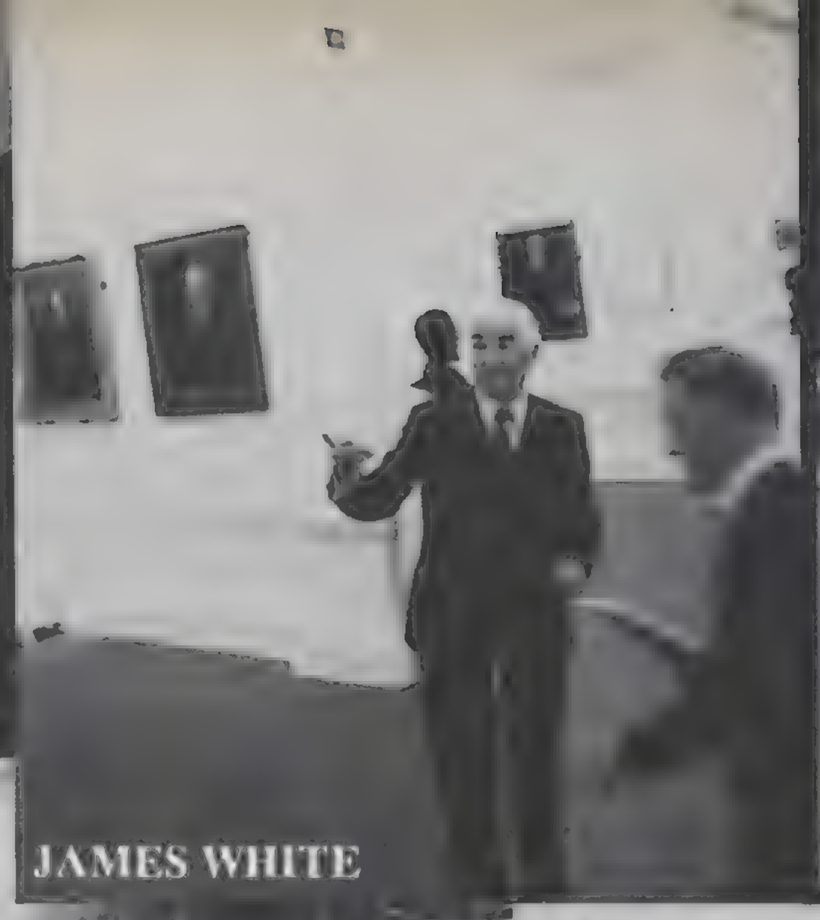
in Ireland

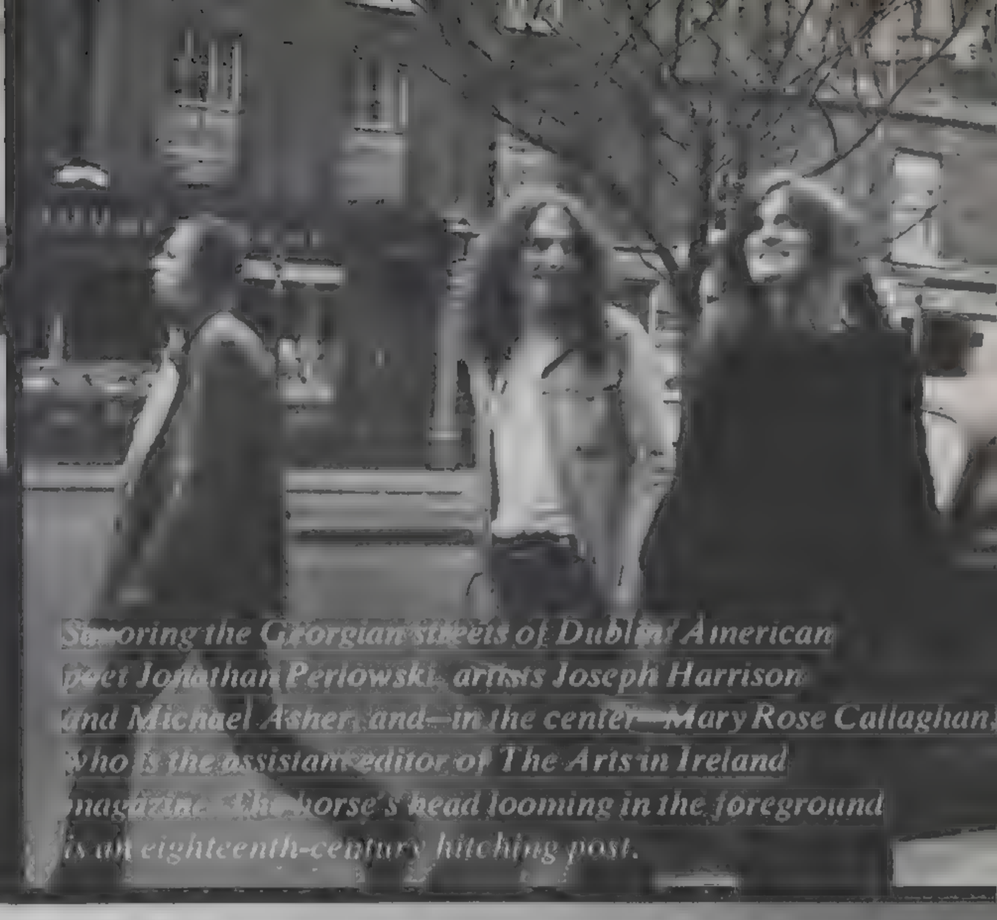
PATRICK SCOTT
SIOBHAIN McKENNA



Opposite: Photographed striding on top of one of the stone beehive-shaped huts called clochán, ancient ruins near her home on the Dingle Peninsula on Ireland's western coast, Maria Simonds-Gooding—a painter-sculptor who often works in fresco—cherishes these "early habitations of man, where it is still possible to see the symbols man has carved out of and into his land, the unwritten record, the marks and signs, the unerased history that farmers, monks, shepherds, and others left behind." Across the bay (but hidden here) are the stony, now uninhabited Blasket Islands, where she sometimes goes to spend weeks in useful isolation, living off both land and sea—on a diet that includes rabbits, periwinkles, and limpets—and coming back refreshed.
This page, right: Sweatered against soft-salt sea winds, Siobhain McKenna, the wife of Irish actor Dennis O'Dea and herself an Irish actress of international stardom —her performance of the works of James Joyce, Sean O'Casey, and George Bernard Shaw has made this share of her homeland's literary art wholly accessible around the world— paces the sandy coastline. Her innate mystery sums up Ireland's poetry.
This page, left: Walking with Miss McKenna on the beach—or, as the Irish call it, the strand—is Patrick Scott, whose paintings have been shown in the Venice Biennale and won him the Guggenheim International Award. His Dublin studio is a carriage house.







Savoring the Georgian streets of Dublin, American poet Jonathan Perlowski, artists Joseph Harrison and Michael Asher, and—in the center—Mary Rose Callaghan, who is the assistant editor of The Arts in Ireland magazine. The horse's head looming in the foreground is an eighteenth-century hitching post.





A treasure-place to students of prehistory, to searchers for early Christian remains, to students of the Irish language, Dingle Peninsula is as well a visual treat— the seascape setting of numbers of movies, including Ryan's Daughter.

Where to shop, eat, drink, and wander, in DUBLIN

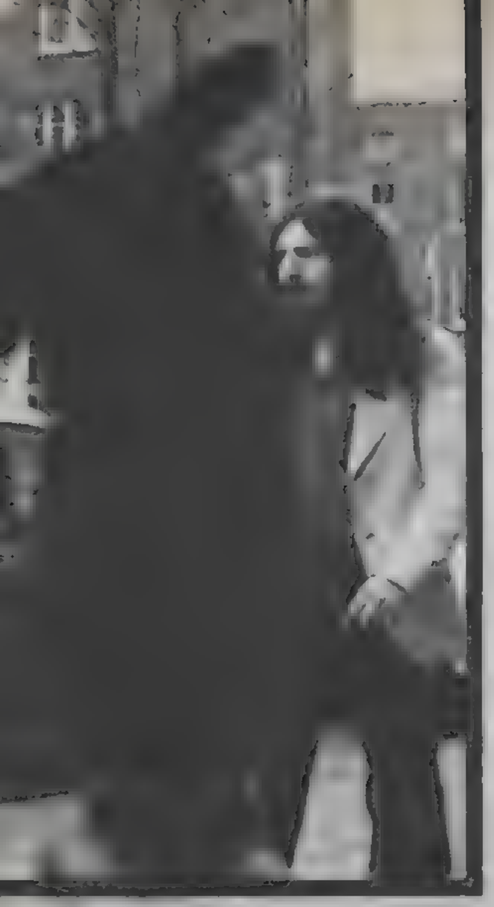
One of the most useful streets in Dublin is a small street, directly opposite the Royal Hibernian Hotel, called Molesworth Street. All the shops in Molesworth Street are small. At the far end is the National Museum, where the prehistoric Irish gold must be seen. CLEO has the best genuine Aran jerseys and socks and fine crocheted shawls in natural unbleached wool, including the natural black wool from the black sheep. There are half a dozen antique shops; one of the best is R. McDONNELL and one of the most erudite antiquaries is WILLIAM DILLON in the lane opposite. Beside him is PAT CROWLEY, a smart offbeat fashion boutique.

More classic fashion round the corner with the IB JORGENSEN boutique, whose couture headquarters are in some grandeur in Fitzwilliam Square. The RIONORE jewelry shop specializes in handmade silver jewelry using polished Irish stones, beautifully designed, nothing folksy. Round the corner in Dawson Street, besides ANNA LIVIA, a shop for very good tweeds and handmade fine linen blouses, is one of the only two well-established modern galleries, the DAWSON GALLERY, run by Leo Smith, (Continued on page 119)

These tips come from Dorothy Walker, one of Ireland's leading art critics; she is a member of the Advisory Board of The Arts in Ireland.



CHARLES MERRILL



Louis Le Brocquy, *a leading Irish painter, left the country in 1947, lived mostly in the South of France, where economic conditions were kinder to artists. He had, he said, "acquired the Irish habit of emigration, as well as the Irish inability to cast off from Ireland." Now, with his artist wife, Anne Madden, he has come home with an inflow of writers and painters that may be, in his words, "the benefit and possible glory of Ireland."*



James White, *as director of the National Gallery of Ireland, has a dramatic cultural role; he has put together more than seventy-five shows of Irish art for European and United States viewing. The latest—nineteenth-century Irish art—has been seen in Columbus, Ohio, and St. Louis. At home, White's injections of imagination at the Gallery (until his directorship a kind of bureaucratic mausoleum) have been done to make it, he said, "a front line in the effort to raise the quality of life."*

Erik Van Der Grijn, *a painter until ten years ago at home in Holland, now with his wife lives and works in an eighteenth-century Irish farmhouse legend says has a haunted ballroom.*

Leonora Fowler *has captured interest in Ireland and abroad with her distinctive designs and weaving techniques in tapestries of natural linen and wool.*

Seamus Heaney's *books of poetry (the last was Wintering Out, 1972, Oxford University Press) are world-read, and each year he speaks at the Yeats Summer School in Sligo on the west coast of Ireland.*

"Irish Directions of the 1970's" *is one Irish-arts show that will travel in the United States opening at the Worcester Art Museum in Massachusetts in September.*



THE HONORABLE MRS. DESMOND GUINNESS

MARINA GUINNESS

The classic examples of Georgian architecture in Ireland have been cosseted since 1958 by The Irish Georgian Society; here, one of the Society's founders, the Honorable Mrs. Desmond Guinness, walks with her daughter Marina. The Guinness family castle, Leixlip, is about fifteen miles from Dublin.



the Arts grow in Ireland



HARRY BENSON

The Washington woman who clues-in the world

Unsigned opinions by this writer—on Presidents, on disarmament, on desegregation—shape political thinking all over the world. Her name is Meg Greenfield. Who is she?

BY CURTIS BILL PEPPER

Meg Greenfield is a small figure of a woman—good shape to the body, but small. She dresses in modest taste with no extra flair, no nonsense. Anyone seeing her on the street might well think she was merely one more suburban housewife—unaware that, in the fierce and perfidious arena of Washington, the little lady is a formidable gladiator whose net and trident are enmeshing logic and killing fact.

Yet for many people—excluding President Richard Nixon and others whom she has ruthlessly impaled or mercifully spared—she is relatively unknown. For unlike such famous names as those of her colleagues Shana Alexander, Sally Quinn, Mary McGrory, or Barbara Walters, Meg's name is rarely seen on a by-line or video screen.

Her unsigned editorials in *The Washington Post,* however, are studied for their use in combat or for political survival by most everyone in or near the government. They are also read, for their wit and style, by many other people who don't usually bother with editorials—this extending far beyond newsstands and subscribers in the Washington-New York area. When carried by wire agencies, *Post* editorials streak across the country and overseas. Nor is that all. When sent by the State Department in USIA summaries to embassies abroad, the editorials are increasingly quoted in the foreign press and studied in government chancelleries. For ever since the *Post* first broke the Watergate scandal, its opinions—with or without those of the long-venerated *New York Times*—are studied for what to expect next.

So, by a conservative estimate, Meg Greenfield's judgment and reason, her moral and ethical standards as applied to the American social and political scene are read by several million people in the U.S. and abroad.

Meg Greenfield isn't the paper's only editorial voice. There are seven others—including, most importantly, Philip Geyelin, who runs the editorial page and the op-ed page that faces it. There is also Katharine Graham, publisher of both *The Washington Post* and *Newsweek,* whose opinions are sought in major editorial decisions. But Little Mums,

as Meg is fondly called (Big Mums being Kay Graham), is both deputy-editor under Geyelin ("Meg's so good she can run the page without me") and a super-specialist on such complex and explosive issues as disarmament and arms control, segregation and busing—and the unsleeping Moloch of Watergate into which she and Geyelin throw themselves daily.

Meg Greenfield's face is round and pleasing; and when she smiles, a beauty surfaces—only to vanish as it came, withdrawn into the on-racing of thought or, perhaps, hidden by prudent habit. Her laugh is something else: a total surrender, an invitation to sit back and give up. Ben Bradlee, executive editor of the *Post*, finds it "the greatest laugh ever . . . deep, dirty, husky, sensuous . . . I feel better each time I hear it." Her voice is warm, contralto-rich; on tape it sounds like Liza Minnelli's.

Her eyes are the brown-grey-green of sea rock—the sort of eyes you find among Russians (her paternal grandfather was a Russian-Jewish immigrant); they look at you as though seeking something lost or forgotten. Peering further, one imagines in their depths a disciplined will tempered by sacrifice, coupled with a compassion that is nourished by a secret and closely guarded sense of loss or loneliness—a landscape where she has been divested of self-desire, leaving her isolated as a rock where the sea has withdrawn yet somehow indestructible and free. She is much loved on the paper; they also call her Megala or Bubby, from Bubbala.

From her moment of birth (forty-three years ago in Seattle), through early years at an exclusive girl's school (Helen Bush), to Smith (English lit, summa cum laude, '52), to one year at Cambridge University (on a Fulbright fellowship), to Rome (to write a never-completed novel), thence to the Adlai Stevenson '56 campaign (research for New York State), and finally in '57 to *The Reporter* magazine (more research), Meg compares her life to a Charlie Chaplin film.

A Greenfield view: In Washington, D.C., people go up or down or sideways—like stocks

"You know, where Charlie catches a red danger flag falling off a construction truck, then is swept up in a passing anarchist parade, and finally arrested for leading it. That's me. I don't know about other people's lives, but mine's been nine parts accident and one part indecision. One can decide a lot of things, but personal choices are harder. I tend to wait until one alternative is no longer available, then inform myself that I have chosen."

Perhaps. Yet looking at her seemingly aimless odyssey, one finds constant bearings on language, literature, history, politics—all of it preparing Meg for what was to come. Appearing as another accident of chance, there was a phone call early one Sunday—too early—and a grumpy Meg found herself being quizzed by a friend.

"I'm going to read you something and you tell me who said it."

"For God's sake," protested Meg.

"Ready? Here goes: 'In our home, as in millions of other homes, we like to look at television. But on the other hand. . . .' "

"Nixon," said Meg.

"Oh? You read it?"

"Like hell I did. Do you know you woke me up for this?"

"But how'd you know it was Nixon?"

"I don't know. I just knew."

Later, at *The Reporter*, Meg took out the Nixon clips, wondering how she was able to tab him in twenty words. It was 1960 and he was running for the Presidency.

"I found Nixon had four or five ways of arranging language, ideas, and responses that were constant. Blake would call them mental categories. They never change, though the subjects do, and very few ideas get put forth by him as simple declarative statements as, for example, 'I just love football.' Instead, there's 'I'm not slighting baseball and there are those who hate football.' I don't believe these patterns are gimmicks so much as they are ingrained mental approaches.

"Also, you never encounter evidence of the person or preference for something. You find, 'I've been to thirty countries and met the Shah, four prime ministers, and twelve premiers'—a laundry-list way of handling experience. There's never some little thing, like, 'Jesus, the most interesting and funniest thing happened when. . . .' I don't think there's anyone alive who doesn't have this human response, but you can't find in the public accounting that this fellow ever had it or felt free to share it."

She did a piece on Nixon's speech habits for *The Reporter* and was promoted from researcher to staff writer, with an assignment to Washington in 1961. Very soon she was known as a brilliant reporter—and editor. Bradlee recalls how she handled a piece he wrote for the magazine: "I never saw such a skillful pencil. She dug what I wanted to say with real grace and precision. She clarified, improved, tightened. I was stunned." Meg also edited some of Geyelin's copy for *The Reporter* and, when it folded in '68, he brought her hastily onto the *Post*'s editorial page. Curiously, this exchange of a by-line for editorial anonymity didn't bother her.

Two Greenfield weapons: enmeshing logic, killing fact

"I kind of like it. The only way I can explain it is there's no accounting for the way people get their kicks. In writing editorials, there are different sets of obligations. You write in a way that ideally has some vitality to it, some personal feeling, so that a reader doesn't feel a computer did it. At the same time, it imposes a discipline and responsibility that's self-evident. You can't say one day you think price controls are yummy and the next day they are dumb, to use girls'-school parlance. You become part of an institutional personality. You're quoted: '*The Washington Post* said yesterday that. . . .' "

Despite this, self-erasure was not total. For a smaller, more intimate readership, the unsigned editorial bore a personal imprint and the banner of pride.

"During Agnew's time, he'd lay about him smiting everyone hip and thigh, then quote an editorial and you'd think: 'Well, there's one of mine.' Phil and I had a marvelous time keeping score. When Agnew cited something Phil had written on the war, say, then something I'd done on students, we felt we were functioning as a perfect team." (Geyelin says: "We work like two people at the piano playing 'Chopsticks.' ")

The *Post* editorials, unlike most others, are not built on injunctive fiat. "We try to get the conversational voice, something of an explanation of not just *where* we are but also *how* we get there. We say, 'I know what you're thinking and you have a point, but if you consider this and that, doesn't it seem. . . .' It tends to run awfully long, but you're not going to convince anyone by handing down stone tablets from somewhere. I believe the editorial writer's most dangerous occupational disease is to think there's no one out there who means a damn, so . . . voom! voom!"

Occasionally Meg does a signed column. When interviewed, she was writing one called "Adam and Eve and Watergate."

"It's the story of the Fall in the Watergate context . . . since the first First Family also blew their mandate. When God asked Adam why he had violated a trust, he pointed his finger at Eve, saying, 'The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat.' It's very Nixon. Then Eve says, 'The serpent beguiled me and I did eat. . . .' The serpent, who was the White House adviser, doesn't even argue. He knows he's had it and goes. But Adam could have made, it seems to me, many of the arguments we're hearing today: It wasn't his fault; the mandate isn't revocable; it was only an incident; it won't happen again; he didn't know it was happening.

"Of course, God, in his wisdom, says in effect: 'That don't wash with me. I told you not to do it, but you did . . . and there's no appeal in this court.' So off they go. Then we get our first perjurer, Cain. He kills his brother, then God asks, 'Where is Abel, thy brother?' and he says, 'I know not.' Then, playing the wise guy, he asks, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' Zap! That's like Watergate testimony. At least in Genesis no one's confused by it."

Watergate had the moral potential of a Biblical parable or a Greek tragedy; but, unfortunately, many failed to draw a lesson from it. "It made people feel superior. They'd open the morning paper, read about Haldeman, Ehrlichman, or Dean and say, 'God, wasn't that despicable? Thank God, I'm not despicable'—then go off and do twelve unattractive things, but not admit them.

"I think a certain amount of compassion and humility is required so that one has the feeling of 'There but for the grace of God go I.' Not that anything goes in government or that these are appealing people.

"But take that young fellow, Hugh Sloan, who was Stans' aide. He looked like the others, spoke like them, and seemed to be one more slice of grey flannel. Worse, he was the fink. He did what they told him—up to a point. Then he said, 'I don't think I will do that.' Or, to paraphrase Nixon, 'That would be wrong.'

"I don't mean to say Hugh Sloan is the moral hero of our time. But in some way he is important. While all those others pleaded, 'How was I to know, it was all so big, everybody was doing it,' Hugh Sloan was different.

(Continued on page 118)


Marie-Hélène
The Baronne Guy de Rothschild,
her family and life at their racing stud in Normandy.

BY FRANÇOISE DE LA RENTA

She signs her name Zuylen-Rothschild. Her grandmother used to sign hers Rothschild-Zuylen. Both marriages were controversial: her grandparents', for religious reasons; hers, because of a dual divorce. There seems to have been a fate in the families! New York-born of an Egyptian mother and a Belgian diplomat father, Marie-Hélène van Zuylen (who used to be called Hurry Melon during her Marymount school days) started early to electrify everyone around her. At the age of fifteen she runs away to become a nun; to make pocket money in New York at seventeen, she enters any contest (one, eating ice cream at Howard Johnson's, she loses by thirty-six helpings to the winner's forty-two), but she gets what she wants at gin rummy (her mother, a great gin-rummy player, has taught her), playing daily and winning enough to buy a pale-blue Chevrolet for her three boyfriends—all French, young, good looking, and working hard—all charmed by her and her fabulous appetite for life. She enjoys everything to the hilt and faints with the greatest of ease at the dinner table or while crossing Fifth Avenue if her romance of the moment is not attentive or romantic enough.

Marie-Hélène leaves New York with her family for Paris where she is lonely. She misses her friends. Marie-Hélène does not make friends easily; but when she does, they are forever. In Paris she feels like talking to her American chums but has no money for transatlantic calls, so she charms a telephone operator in Paris—she tells her that she is young, he is young, they are in love, she has no money, she needs the operator's help . . . so she talks on free time every night to her friends in New York.

Marie-Hélène finally falls in love with François de Nicolay, attractive young French aristocrat. They marry and she marries the Nicolay family and way of life. But slowly the ebullient Marie-Hélène changes the country squire. She loves everything, she wants to do everything, she is in love with love—and she shares with her husband and her father a passion for horses.

At the races in Paris Marie-Hélène meets Guy de Rothschild and a most romantic, powerful love story begins. When three-and-a-half years later they marry, they become the talk of the town. In 1960, she falls seriously ill. She refuses to be an invalid. She organizes conferences at her bedside with the greatest doctors in France. Even when she is very sick, she has to be part of and know everything that is happening. One night, her curiosity overcoming her, she calls her makeup man, her hairdresser, and at midnight arrives, with a blanket wrapped over her nightgown, in the arms of her chauffeur at a big dinner party. She has to prove to herself that she can do it! Doctors understand her disease, but they don't understand her strength. Her drive to succeed in everything is intense. Her willpower and love for life win.

Marie-Hélène moves into a strict, stiff, conventional family . . . the Rothschilds. But she is not going to be another Rothschild woman. She shakes them, she shocks them, she captures them. She reopens Ferrières (her husband's family château, about which Wilhelm I of Prussia once said, "Kings couldn't afford this. It could only belong to a Rothschild"), but she only opens half of Ferrières: she has twelve friends; she only needs twelve bedrooms . . . and she turns this château that Baron James de Rothschild built (she sometimes stops in front of Delacroix's painting of him, winks, and says "Thank you") into a brilliant house. After all, Ferrières is immense, so why not give the biggest, most elaborate, and talked about parties? So she does, once a year.

With all that drive, Marie-Hélène constantly needs to be reassured, loved; she wants and needs attention. A great talker with her friends, she can argue to kill and never compromises even if she is wrong—then she will turn the argument into a joke. The more she loves her friends, the more she demands from them. If she finds herself in bed and sleepless, (Continued on next page)





(Continued) she will telephone, no matter what the hour. If you are caught, you are lost—it's all night!

Marie-Hélène is criticized. She is discussed, liked, disliked; but when she walks into a room, she is a presence and she attracts people. Of herself she thinks a lot . . . and very little. She loves compliments, but recognizes false ones. She knows how to use her best assets. She would like to be Cathy in ***Wuthering Heights*** or Natasha of ***War and Peace***. If you ever met her in the street with a coat over her nightgown or on the beach, sunburned, wearing rubber sandals and a nine-year-old bikini, you would never believe that she is the Baronne Guy de Rothschild. You would be right. She is Marie-Hélène.

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1. Tea on the lawn *at Le Haras de Meautry, a luscious wedge of time between the afternoon races at Deauville and the early-evening yearling sales. With Marie-Hélène here, Baron de Redé (left) and the decorator Jacques Grange, who has worked with Marie-Hélène at Meautry.*
2. Guy and Marie Hélène, *flanked by their friends and Normandy neighbors Jacqueline and Yul Brynner, watching a presentation of horses in front of the stables. Behind Guy: M. Briand, the stud manager.*
3. The presentation: *mares and foals led out on view by stable hands.*
4. The living room/library *plays up the Louis XIII "Haute Époque" spirit of the house. Once Meautry's dining room, it was transformed by Marie-Hélène into the favorite gathering-and-game room with old tapestry and Mexican-print fabrics, a fur rug. In front of an old Flemish tapestry, splendid Delft vases, a gift from Alexis de Redé to Guy, who forced Alexis to buy Rescousse—one of the greatest racehorses in France—from him.*
5. The main house at Meautry, *the oldest, brick part dating from the reign of Louis XIII. Three additional cottages offer extra room for guests.*
6. In the living room, *lounging at the fire, an Italian polychrome wooden dog.*
7. Swimming pool and pool house, *uncommon in Normandy, a Rothschild gesture to friends who would rather loaf and sun than go to the races.* *(Continued)*

Marie-Hélène de Rothschild

HENRY CLARKE

4

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1. A sweep of lawn and garden *at Meautry, overlooking the surrounding paddocks.*
2. Guy and Marie-Hélène de Rothschild *walking on the beach at Deauville with Pinka, their dachshund.*
3. Marie-Hélène with her chef, *whose training she oversaw from the start, going over the day's menus, as she does each day.*
4. The new dining room, *an addition to Meautry, but kept within the Norman style of the "Haute Époque."*

Marie-Hélène de Rothschild









5. The pool house, *set for a summer lunch, including, possibly, Deauville's memorable shrimp, Normandy's delicious* coeur à la crème.
6. Marie-Hélène *in the enchanting flower-plus-vegetable garden designed by Russell Page in the manner of a* jardin de curé.
7. Marie-Hélène with her son, *Philippe de Nicolay, at the racing stables.*
8. In one of Meautry's guest rooms, *the old heavy beams lightened by bright, provincial print, bow-tied coverlets.*

HENRY CLARKE

SUMMER FOOD SURPRISES

BY ARTHUR GOLD AND ROBERT FIZDALE

LEMON

AN ALMOST UNLIMITED LIST OF THINGS TO BE DONE WITH, TO, OR BY A

What is used to clean your skin, lighten your hair, perfume your body, and polish your furniture?

What can be painted by Cézanne, drawn and quartered, halved and sliced, peeled, squeezed, squirted, sugared, and salted?

What is a symbol of fidelity and a cure for scurvy but an insult to an automobile?

What can be added to food and eaten with delight at the beginning, middle, and end of a meal?

The lemon, of course, the ubiquitous, the versatile lemon.

Lemons enhance the flavor of every food. In America we squeeze them on melons and make them into pies. The Italians sprinkle them on steaks and freeze them into ices. The subtle French use the juice on oysters and the zest, the golden rind, in custards and tarts.

The Arabs, who introduced lemons to Europe (Columbus brought the seeds to America), preserve them in salt and cook them with everything, with fish, chicken, and lamb, in salads and sweets. In fact, the love of lemons is so prevalent in all the Middle East that the English poet Thomas Moore once wrote:

A Persian's heaven is easily made:
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade.

Let's take a trip with the lemon! Before we begin, if you want more for your money—and who doesn't—remember that a lemon dropped into boiling water for two minutes, then cooled will give much more juice.

SWEET AND SOUR ONIONS

six servings

1 pound pearl onions
2 cloves garlic, slightly crushed (optional)
4 tablespoons peanut oil (such as the French Huilor brand) or olive oil
1 tablespoon sugar
Juice of 2 lemons
2 tablespoons currants

Peel onions and cut a shallow crisscross in the stem end of each one. In a heavy skillet over moderate heat, cook onions and garlic in the oil, turning occasionally so that onions are somewhat browned on all sides. Sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice and add currants. Cover and cook over low heat, stirring frequently so that sugar does not burn but turns a nice dark caramel color, until onions are tender. Discard garlic. Place onions in a serving dish and spoon all the sauce over them. Serve at room temperature.

DOUBLE-LEMON OMELET

six servings

3 egg yolks
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon
1 cup confectioner's sugar
6 egg whites
1 tablespoon granulated sugar
Pinch of salt
2 tablespoons softened butter
½ pint lemon ice cream or sherbet, frozen hard

Preheat oven to 550°. In a large mixing bowl thoroughly beat egg yolks, lemon juice, lemon rind, confectioner's sugar until light and lemony in color. In another bowl beat egg whites, granulated sugar, salt till stiff. Make omelet mixture by using a spatula to fold ¼ of the beaten whites into yolk mixture fairly thoroughly. Then very carefully fold in remaining whites, gently scraping bottom of bowl with spatula and lifting yolk mixture from bottom and over whites. Do not worry if there are a few lumps of unblended whites.

Butter a 9-inch glass or Corning Ware pie plate, covering sides as well as bottom. Spread half the omelet mixture gently and evenly with a spatula over sides and bottom of pie plate. Put ice cream or sherbet in 4 flat scoops centered on top of omelet. Be sure to leave a 1½-inch border uncovered. Spread remaining omelet mixture evenly over ice cream so that it is completely covered. Spread to edges of pie plate so that ice cream is not exposed at any point. The large amount of egg whites serves as insulation and prevents ice cream from melting.

Bake in bottom third of oven 7-10 minutes. Top will be lightly browned, omelet will be frothy and warm, and ice cream will be cold. Serve in shallow bowls or deep dishes. A light, amusing summer dessert. (Continued on page 121)

STRIPED BASS SCHEHERAZADE

eight servings

1 pound onions, peeled, halved, then sliced very thin.
8 tablespoons olive oil
1 cup dried currants
4-5 dried apricots, coarsely chopped
¾ cup lemon juice
1 cup walnuts, coarsely chopped
Salt and pepper to taste
Seasonings: 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon allspice, 6 tablespoons chopped parsley
4- to 5-pound striped bass (or 2 smaller ones or other firm white-fleshed fish), cleaned and with bones removed but not cut down the back
3-4 lemons, thinly sliced
½ cup tomato sauce

In a heavy skillet over low heat, sauté onions very slowly in 6 tablespoons of the oil till translucent but not brown. In a small bowl soak currants and apricots in the lemon juice. When onions are ready, add currants and apricots, draining off and reserving lemon juice. Then add walnuts, salt and pepper to taste, seasonings, and parsley. Cook, stirring continuously, 2-3 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in half the lemon juice.

Oil a baking dish with remaining oil. Lightly salt and pepper the fish, inside and out, and lay it skin side down in the baking dish on top of a row of about half the lemon slices. Spread the onion mixture inside the fish. Mix remaining lemon juice with tomato sauce and pour over fish. Put a row of overlapping lemon slices along the top of the fish. Bake 45 minutes or till fish flakes easily when tested with a fork. Serve hot, with parsleyed potatoes, or—better still—at room temperature, with a rice salad. (A chilled Muscadet or Sancerre would be an excellent wine accompaniment.)

Right: Before you can cook your lemon, you have to catch it; cut it; grate, slice, or peel it—or squeeze its puckery juice down a strainer.



This is the best month to start a three-way plan to ensure

Prettier hair for fall

BY SHIRLEY LORD

We're lucky because our hair is one of the most resilient materials on earth. We're ungrateful because we rarely give it as much CARE as we give our skin, our bodies . . . yet what we grow on our heads can make or break our looks. Hair can be the most *dependable* natural beauty asset we own . . . it doesn't act emotionally and "break out" as skin does when life seems to go awry. It doesn't sag as bodies do when age slows muscles down. Given the right care, color, and shape, our hair will NEVER let us down. As Kenneth says, "Hair's tensile strength is extraordinary. You wouldn't dream of wearing a skirt or dress every day for years and expect it to be in good condition, yet the hair you wear every day, whipped by wind, dried by sun, is expected to fall into shape and stay after one shampoo and set."

BEAUTY NOW

●New respect for our hair can bring about rewarding results if it generates a plan based on a triangle of regular conditioning, coloring, and shaping. . . . This is the month to start work, when everybody's hair is at its thickest. Control of hair's condition starts and ends with diet—although there's plenty to do in-between. Kenneth says, "Adding an occasional texturizer to your hair isn't the answer. That's like putting a bandage over the damage. Hair health starts at the root of things . . ." and the root of things is the right nutrition. Summer supplies much food for glossy hair—fruit, vegetables (including spinach and watercress for iron content), and fresh fish for high-class protein. Eight glasses of water a day and lots of vitamin B (yeast tablets) also contribute to the sort of hair you'll like to see—and touch.

●A healthy body will grow healthy hair. The next essential is to see it's not harmed by the environment. Too much exposure to sun, for instance, can burn hair even though it doesn't show sunburn. If it isn't shielded from direct burning rays, hair can become as brittle as an autumn leaf . . . just as your scalp can become chapped and stiff outdoors on a freezing day if it isn't kept warm and snug under hat or scarf. Coping with the natural elements is only half the battle. American women also have to live with the punishing effects of sudden extreme switches in temperature, leaving the heat of a summer afternoon for the sudden chill of an air-conditioned room, a 2°-below temperature outside for 75°-plus inside. This change can literally shock hair into disrupting moisture balance. This is where the right conditioning program can help, ameliorating the effect.

●Summer hair should be shorter hair . . . this year fuller, gently curling or waving with softened edges, airy yet full of bounce and verve . . . more shape means perhaps hair pieces or wigs or the new fast-acting, conditioner-packed perms like Rilling's Perfect Touch, Helene Curtis' UniPerm.

Hair styled by Ara Gallant. Makeup by Way Bandy. Crêpe de Chine blouse by Geoffrey Beene. Bracelets: Geoffrey Beene for Bergère, at Bonwit Teller. Carved amethyst pin, Cartier.

AVEDON





ADD SHAPE WITH WIGS

Volume rather than length influences the way your hair should look this fall . . . volume that delivers a sense of curl or wave, thickness and bounce. To achieve this, some heads need help. On thick hair, a new fast-acting light perm might be the answer. For hair that's not so plentiful, the easiest way to a rich full head for fall is with hairpiece or wig. Both are shown here on the right. The blonde is wearing a wig that started out as a conventional pageboy with bangs that Ara Gallant flipped up and out on both sides, brushing the pageboy into full bunches behind the ears. The brunette's rush of gently waving hair works with a shoulder-length hairpiece, attached at the crown with front hair curling back over it. Most hairpieces are attached to little combs or bands that can easily and securely be fastened with hairpins at each side of the crown and through the middle. Security is everything. Wigs need more practice. First, your own hair must be firmly pinned out of sight. Telltale straggly ends peering out ruin the look of any wig, however well designed. Taking hold of the temple pieces (the small pieces of buckram inside on both sides attached to the lining) and keeping the label at the back, put wig on like a bathing cap, firmly from the hairline—unless the style needs more of your own hair for a softer more natural look. Then set wig slightly back from hairline and secure it through the two buckram pieces, at the crown and at the back of the head.

Don't be in a hurry when selecting your wig or hairpiece. It should first and last feel *comfortable* if you're going to get any mileage out of it.

Today's modacrylic and vinyl-based wigs mean fibers move and swing like real hair, look and feel like it, too . . . as in the case here . . . the blond wig by Fashion Tress is made of Monsanto's Elura fiber, which means it can be washed and drip-dried back into shape with greater reliability than your own hair. Because it has a "memory," the wig returns to its original style after each shampoo. Elura won't frizz, however hot the dryer, and can be set on heated rollers . . . can even be colored, although that isn't the object of the exercise. The brunette hairpiece (made of Kanekalon) is by Edith Imre, who custom makes wigs and hairpieces in any color, size, or style required (at 20 W. 57th Street, New York, and Edith Imre Wig Boutiques in department stores everywhere). Kanekalon is a fiber with a healthy-looking shine that soars up with every cool wash. . . . The best plan for wig care is to wash and even use a conditioner afterwards every seven to ten wearings. Swish through cool suds; rinse in cool water and drip-dry; don't settle for any dampness, for wig fibers also need to be completely dry (just as real hair does) before any brushing takes place. Be frugal with hair spray—it can dull color. Be gentle with backcombing . . . if you feel you must do it. There's plenty of choice and, today, wigs are better than ever.

Makeup by Way Bandy; hairstyles by Ara Gallant. Both pages, pyjamas by Bill Blass; diamonds by Bulgari at Danaos Ltd., Hotel Pierre, N.Y.

FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

BEAUTY
NOW

ADD LUSTER—WITH HAIR CARE

This is action month for hair care...if you follow the ideas here you will really see results

●Make July your *workout* month for hair. *Shampoo* out-of-doors when you can to let the clean, fresh air *aerate* the lather as much as possible—the heavier the lather, the duller the hair . . . one lather only for the same reason, followed by many, many *rinses*. Experts concur a once-a-week shampoo is the absolute minimum for *good-looking hair*, whereas a shampoo a day doesn't hurt, providing shampoo matches hair type. Find one with its *pH* marked on the label—the nearer to 6.0 the better. Why? Because pH is the measurement used to determine the level of *acidity vs. alkalinity* in nearly every substance . . . from raindrops to tomatoes to *hair*. When hair is in its *best shape*, its pH level is between 4.0 to 6.0, mildly acidic, and so *shiny, manageable,* and showing the minimum structural damage. Above 6.0 and hair is more alkaline, so more porous, looks drab, feels irritable. Many *color* treatments, permanents, straighteners, and some shampoos are alkaline (between 7.0 and 10.0) and tend to take away hair's most precious ingredient, *protein* . . . overuse sends hair's own pH up into the unhappy alkaline state. *Don't let it happen to you.* Look at *labels* and use old-fashioned remedies from time to time. Rinse with diluted white *vinegar* or *lemon* juice to reinforce the ideal acid state.

●*If hair tends to be oily*, it's the scalp that needs the most help . . . from shampoos that de-clog the pores and help prevent further clogging with antiseptic ingredients and conditioners with astringent properties to harden hair cuticle. Hands have to be gentle . . . overzealous treatment will stimulate the already over-generous sebaceous glands to produce even more oil . . . don't brush greasy hair *ever* . . . always use a wide-toothed comb. Go swimming in the sea without a cap . . . ozone is excellent for this type of hair—so is plenty of fresh air.

●*If hair is dry*, it means a lack of moisture. *If hair is brittle,* not only moisture is missing but protein, too, and hair needs help fast. The humble egg is one way to get it. At Rose Reti's New York salon, eggs are part of her get-well-soon plan for sick hair . . . whipped to a creamy foam, she uses them as a shampoo after, first, an herbal treatment, then an oxygen vapor one. At home you can use three eggs to make your own health treatment, separating whites from yolks, adding water to the yolks, then stirring to a creamy consistency, before combining all together. The egg froth should be applied drop by drop to the scalp *after first rinsing hair thoroughly with cool water to remove all superficial dirt and pollutants.* After each egg application there should also be a thorough rinse . . . but the vital protein still will be absorbed by the hair. When hair gets droopy in humid weather, don't be tempted to try to keep style firmly in position with hair spray . . . that encourages hair to become charged with humidity, when it droops more than ever. The best answer, and maybe the only one, is to use either at home or in the salon a vegetable-compound setting product like René Furterer's Vixateur Vegetal that adds body plus giving a protective screen to the hair shaft.

●Summer stunts for hair: Change your parting often, so that top hair doesn't get baked . . . a new parting exposes healthier underneath hair, gives the whole head a chance to breathe. As bangs are so much a part of today's look, you can wash only bangs and hairline daily with the help of a tight shower cap, the whole head three to four times a week. Always rinse hair well after a pool swim—chlorinated water can damage it, particularly if it's colored. Don't be rough with your hair. Wash it as gently as if you were washing stockings, then only *blot* it dry. Don't color your hair and perm it the same week—keep the two jobs at least ten days apart. Don't encourage the wind to whip your hair dry and break at the ends . . . in an open car on a fast road always wear a soft scarf. If you use heated rollers, don't wind them too tightly and don't use them every day. Remove curlers as soon as the heat is out—generally in about seven to ten minutes. Avoid hairstyles that put too much traction on the hair—such as the pulled-back, elastic-band, silk-scarf variety . . . too much tug every day can break hair, even affect its growth. Give your hair rest just as you give your skin a day off from makeup . . . wash it, dry it, then let it flow freely for a few hours if you can. And always, *always* read all the small print on any hair-care, coloring, or home-perm instructions. They are the route to success.

NIGHTCAP FOR HAIR

At the end of a day, we look after our skin, remove our makeup, often use a mask or nourishing product to clear away any leftover debris or add some moisture the elements have taken away. Our hair doesn't get this nighttime treatment and we wonder why. We know now a hundred brush strokes a night isn't the best present for hair. It's positively bad for thin, fine, or damaged hair, only helpful in moderation for normal hair to spread natural oils throughout the head and to boost blood circulation, while *too much* brushing can split hair. Instead of nightly brushing, we now advocate the occasional conditioner for hair before bedtime, one that can get to work during the night in the same way specially devised skin creams do. Brunettes can benefit especially since dark hair is more porous than light, absorbs cigarette-smoke traces, even cooking smells during the day that need to be gently combed out, replaced with a light bouquet from a conditioning spray that can also supplement the natural oils of hair and scalp. During the night a conditioner can also *reduce frizz, add gloss* (through moisture), *fill in lost body,* and *seal split ends.* The right one can *add protein* to limp hair by coating it to become thicker, while another can make hair *more supple* and *so resistant to breaking.* Azurée's Naturally Enriched version contains, as well as protein builders, a basketful of herbs from sandalwood to camomile, delightful to sleep with...providing hair is clean, too.

Those who know our hair as well as we know it ourselves, the stylists, the haircutting technicians, are beginning to show us with deeds, not only words, that they're keenly aware of the need for more hair help if the style-and-cut business is to prosper. This month, important influences launch new ideas for hair health. Glemby Now, 91 years in the beauty business with 600 salons across the world, introduce Glemby Pros, the first products to bear their name, created at their stylists' urgent requests for something a woman could use at home to continue her salon treatments. Formulated by a French trichologist, the four products—two shampoos, two conditioners—are all formulated with a pH of 6.5 to take a serious stand against the problems of both dry and oily hair.

Also this month, Vidal Sasson brings out his first treatment products, including a Protein Pac to repair hair suffering from any one of nineteen regular abuses that he lists. They range from inadequate diet to X-rays, hand-held dryers to detergent shampoos and pregnancy. At Saks Fifth Avenue beauty salons, they've learned that the best and least moisture-stealing way to dry hair is with an infrared lamp (right), so they're installing infrared drying rooms wherever possible. Again it's an idea with hair care only in mind, for infrared drying takes up more of an operator's time, but leaves hair more nourished and strong.

In the fall, L'Oréal will make their contribution to the hair-care scene here by introducing Kerastase, a line of treatments well-known in Europe for solving hair ills; and to signal their arrival, another celebrated hair stylist will be here to lecture and demonstrate—Alexandre of Paris, who is all in favor of hair health first and last.

AVEDON



Sew them yourself

The looks you

Ten pages of key new looks for the city, photographed in Zurich and Lausanne, two of the most beautiful cities in Switzerland—in the world!...And almost everything you need to know to sew the clothes yourself—the Vogue Patterns, the fabrics, advice from an expert, Charles Kleibacker....Sew, enjoy!

the look

coat-and-skirt dressing with an edge on the weather

Right: The snap of a coat with a matching skirt (and a matching hat)—one of the best ways to have a coat this year . . . one of the best coats to have! The roomy reversible raincoat, with soft brown herringbone tweed on one side (same as the skirt), beige poplin on the weather side. Wrap coat, Vogue Pattern 8699; Oscar de la Renta side-pocket skirt, Vogue Pattern 1047; hat, Vogue Pattern 8975. Wool-and-nylon tweed by E. Einiger fabric, Hudson's; Meier & Frank. Cohama Fabrics polyester and rayon, at Meier & Frank.

jacket-and-skirt dressing, trim in tweed

Far right: The new ease of a suit—nothing uptight, no hard edges, but the finish is there! In brown-and-white Donegal tweed (watch menswear fabrics this year) flecked with violet. For softness (and warmth): the long fuzzy muffler, cashmere sweater, a cream satin shirt underneath. Yves Saint Laurent jacket, Vogue Pattern 2983; skirt, Vogue Pattern 8939. Both, Woolmark fabric by Arthur Zeiler, at Meier & Frank. Acetate-and-nylon blouse, Vogue Pattern 8749; (Stanley Looms fabric), at Marshall Field; Meier & Frank. Pattern details, page 124. Accessories, next to last page.

Kleibacker tips

THE COAT: This Very Easy Vogue Pattern is not for a reversible coat—we made it reversible by making two coats, sewing them together everywhere but the sleeve, pressing, turning, and then top-stitching on the outside (after hand-sewing the sleeves). . . . For coats in general: To make front edges fall straight, try the professional trick of "holding in." Put on the wool shell and pin a few small horizontal tucks up the front edge until the line falls plumb. Measure the length as pinned, remove pins, put in two rows of machine basting, and gather the edge until it measures the pinned length. Distribute excess fabric evenly; steam-press with a damp cloth until no bumps remain. Baste and gather poplin shell to the same measure; then put the two shells together. . . . Other fabric ideas: Look for body without bulk—wool jersey, flannel, gabardine, or a really supple melton; avoid stiff fabrics. THE JACKET: For a beautiful set-in sleeve, use a pressing ham and steam smooth the gathers at the top of the sleeve before you set in the sleeve. THE SKIRTS: To make the pleats hang straight, you may need to lift the fabric at the center front before stitching on the waistband. . . . To make a sharp pleat without getting pressing marks on the skirt, put paper inside between the pleats and the skirt—strips of manilla envelopes are perfect. . . . Other fabric ideas: The jacket would be great as a separate blazer in velvet or corduroy—but avoid these fabrics for the skirts; they don't pleat well. As a suit, try flannel, wool jersey, wool crêpe.

want for fall



Zurich

The luckiest towns in Switzerland are the mountain-backed cities that stand, as Zurich does, reflected between lakes and rivers. Footing the Lake of Zurich and waterway-ed by the Rivers Limmat and Sihl, this city sets the leisures of resort life next door to the vigors of banks, factories, guild-halls, museums, and churches. Here, two visiting paddle-boaters have outdistanced the famous Swiss swans—an ideal water sport for the center of town.



Sew them yourself—THE LOOKS YOU WANT FOR FALL

the look

**fuller coat,
narrower
pants—the line!**

Far left: Key pieces in any woman's wardrobe: perfect grey wool flannel pants—front pleats, side pockets, a narrower, straight leg. And the ultimate seasonless coat—double-faced white cashmere. With double mufflers and a sweater inside, a great get-around for city days (and warm enough for all but the coldest). Coat, Vogue Pattern 8699. Agnona fabric, at Meier & Frank.
Pants, Vogue Pattern 8353.
J.P. Stevens fabric, loomed in America, at Sakowitz.

**two-piece
pants-dressing—
all of a tone**

Left: The easy polish of the oversized tunic and pants in chamois-colored Ultrasuede, everything else in tones of brown—moccasins, belt, sweater, scarf (see the extra little softness a scarf gives?). Top, Vogue Pattern 8813; pants, Vogue Pattern 2983. Skinner Ultrasuede fabric, of polyester and polyurethane. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Wanamaker's; Marshall Field; Sakowitz; Meier & Frank. Pattern details, page 124. Accessories, next to last page. Hair throughout these Switzerland pages, Jean Louis David.

Kleibacker tips

THE COAT: The same Very Easy Vogue coat you saw in another fabric on the previous page, minus belt, pockets, wrist-straps—and in double-faced cashmere, so it needs no facings. (For a complete guide to double-faced fabrics, see the Vogue Sewing Book.) . . . About white: keep your work area spotless; use new needles and pins; keep spot remover handy, apply it with white wool jersey.
THE PANTS: If you find the seat bunching at the inner thigh, take two darts—one on each side—about 2" long, about 2" above the inseam and parallel to it. . . . To prevent side pockets from gapping: before facing, cut a piece of seam binding about ¾" shorter than pocket edge; pin at both ends of pocket, underneath fold line. From right side, pin fabric to seam binding—distributing excess evenly—and invisibly hand-sew through both layers just beyond fold line. Steam smooth. . . . Other fabric ideas: gabardine, menswear tweeds, wool blends. But stay clear of anything too thick, so you don't get bulk at the waist.
ULTRASUEDE TIPS: Use a thicker machine needle—number 14, 16, or 18—and heavy-duty cotton thread for seams; try silk button-hole twist for top stitching. . . . Cut all one way! . . . For hems, try Halston's raw-edge method: cut off fabric at the right length; cut a second strip about 2" wide, layer it underneath, top stitch through both, about ⅜" from edge. . . . Other fabric ideas: Fabrics that are supple enough for the top but have enough weight for the pants—flannel, knits, cavalry twill.

TOSCANI

SWITZERLAND STACK-UP

Everything comes together in the Swiss cities: art, health, business, sports—whatever you require, you'll find it

Switzerland, a country close to the sky, stands smack in the middle of Europe; 6,270,000 residents live meticulously in cities rising out of lakes, edging rivers; in villages at the foothills of the Alps; and in spired valleys. In 1973, visitors actually outnumbered the permanent population by 500,000.

Swiss treasures are in cities doubling as resorts with door-to-door banks — about 500. Money is an institution, an understatement for the number of numbered bank accounts. In-the-knows say Switzerland is the repository for the confidential money of the world.

Peerlessly-run hotels create a feeling of well-being. Hotelkeepers are proud to be hotelkeepers and guests feel proud to be guests. There is a tradition of excellent service with, sometimes, a hint of snob appeal.

Swiss cuisine—French, Italian, German, or local specialties—has that remarkable ingredient, safety; you can't go wrong. And who dares deny the quality of Swiss chocolate?

Swiss cities seem to have the monopoly on block-long window displays of watches and clocks. In 1972, the latest count, 1,182 manufacturers produced 78,000,000 watches. In laboratories, they work on improving the delicate mechanisms.

Packed in cities, museums hold a wealth of art open to the world. If you're lucky, you might find a way to the marvelous private collections where you may see works that range from the genuinely quirky to the fantastically classic. Swiss billboards are minor masterpieces of modern art.

Every city has an "old town" with cobbled streets and tall, thin houses turned boutiques; and every city has opera, concerts, symphonies, and polite, intelligent Swiss. (For detailed notes on Zurich and Lausanne, turn to page 32.)

Lausanne

European crossroads backed by Alps and rolling down to Lac Léman (we call it Lake Geneva) and to the small port there, Ouchy. *At left,* two visitors promenade along the lake, a prescribed cure in the late 1900's and now an IN thing to do. Into this ravishing setting stream all the nationalities of the world, to pause in luxe hotels—some of these visitors never leave. Attractions: Calm pace, big business, bigger banks, good shops, clean air, just a hop across a border or two to Italy, France, Germany, Spain—wherever business or pleasure needs them.

the look

**easy city dressing...
the pants and jacket**

Left: The new leanness of pants... the new ease of jacket—looser, longer, cut like a smock in heathery beige... and the polish of a wool-and-silk blouse in brown-beige-brick-navy, a matching neck scarf tied over the shoulders. Yves Saint Laurent suit, Vogue Pattern 1027; wool-and-nylon fabric, Berlin Woolen Woolblend, loomed in America. At Meier & Frank. Blouse, Vogue Pattern 8749 (scarf not included); Victor Barda fabric. Sakowitz; Meier & Frank.

...new line of wrap dress

Right: The line you like in pants—loose on top, lean below—in a beige wool-knit wrap dress with a gathered yoke, a slim-falling line on the hip. Vogue Pattern 8617; Jasco Fabrics, knitted in America. At Meier & Frank.

...the look of a two-piece dress

Far right: The dress you want for the feel of being in separates, the finish of a dress. The long, easy T-shirt of a top and hip-touching skirt that really moves... in the thinnest, softest fabric—cashmere-and-silk jersey of heathered beige. Top, Vogue Pattern 8859; skirt, Vogue Pattern 8939. J. Owens fabric through Sewing Associates, at Meier & Frank. Pattern Patent details, page 124. Accessories, both pages, next to last page.

Lausanne

Watches, pride of the Swiss manufacturers of 78,000,000 ticktocks in 1972—their single most important market, the U.S.A. Above, at Bucherer, excellent watch store on Place St. François in Lausanne, a watch technician in clinical white and dozens of Piaget watches. Swiss-made watches sold in America: Omega; Longines; Audemars Piguet; American Rolex; Universal-Geneve; Movado; Wittnauer; Baume & Mercier; Bueche-Girod; Bulova; Piaget.

Sew them yourself—THE LOOKS YOU WANT FOR FALL

Lausanne

The intoxicating Swiss arrangement of numbered bank accounts, is legal for U.S. citizens provided the Internal Revenue knows. Above, stashed in the vault of the Union Bank of Switzerland in Lausanne, GREENBACKS.

Kleibacker tips

THE JACKET: The squared-away shoulders are the key. Experiment with the amount of padding right for you, but keep it a definite square.... Other fabric ideas for the blouse: crêpe de Chine, of course!—also challis, pongee, silk foulard.

THE WRAP DRESS: Sit in the *basted* garment; if the neckline gaps, shorten the length from shoulder to waist by picking up fabric at the yoke. ...Other fabric ideas: thin wool crêpe, flannel.

THE TWO-PIECE DRESS: The secret for this super-thin fabric—invisible hems. Use size A silk thread, number 10 needle, and a loose *running* stitch. Work ⅜" away from the edge of the hem and pick up one thread on the garment side; use a longer stitch on the hem side.... Other fabric ideas: The top can be made only in stretchable knits—and thin, or you'll lose the fit.

Sew them yourself–
THE LOOKS YOU WANT FOR FALL

Zurich

No [illegible]
famous Kronhalle
ran—solidly Swiss, w
and curtains ayal
windows, fresh flow
ished brass, and
ladies wearing wh
rons to fetch and carry—
has the extra fascination of
its remarkable collection of
paintings: Bonnard, Monet,
Picasso, Braque. Above, Miró
hangs above the rhubarb
tart; opposite, Chagall,
above the Cuban cigars.
Mme. Zumstag, the over-
eighty-year-old owner, still
greets, often seats, knows
her guests.

the look

glamour-dressing at night . . .
Left: Subtle-sexy for big evenings—
the look of a strapless back
jersey dress with a wisp of black
chiffon "bedjacket," edged in lace.
Dress, Vogue Pattern 8724,
of Qiana nylon (Blue Ridge-Winkler
Textiles fabric). Jordan Marsh,
Boston; Wanamaker's;
Hudson's; Sakowitz; Meier & Frank.
Jacket, Vogue Pattern 8855
(scarf not included); Stern & Stern
polyester chiffon, Native Textiles lace.

. . . the look of a pyjama
Right: The breeze of a jacket
and drawstring pants in a silky print
of blue, rust, and white on black;
a tiny black jersey camisole
underneath—the perfect pyjama.
All, Vogue Pattern 8855.
Beaunit fabrics, both of silk and
Chinon. At Sakowitz; Meier & Frank.

. . . the look of a short dress and jacket
Far right: Restaurant-dressing . . .
bare and covered . . . the surprise of
softest navy satin. The long,
loose cardigan over a super little
camisole-top dress . . . slightly blouson,
showing the line of the hip . . .
the leg. Vogue Pattern 8947 (scarf
not included). American Silk Mills
crêpe-backed satin, of acetate
and nylon. At Sakowitz; Meier & Frank.
Pattern details, page 124.
All accessories, next to last page.

Kleibacker tips

THE LONG DRESS: We made this pattern strapless by leaving off the collar ties and inserting elastic through the narrow facing at the top anchor elastic at ribs and zipper. . . . For extra support, tack lightweight spiral bones (in fabric casings) to side seam-allowance and one side of zipper. . . . Stretch long seams as you machine stitch, so threads won't crack when they're stretched in sitting.
THE JACKETS, right and center: to get them this airy, add extra length (sleeves, too), extra fullness in front—cut front pattern in half, add 1"-2" down the center.
TIPS ON CHIFFON: Instead of tiny French seams, trim seams to ⅛"; whip overcast together, including machine stitching in the sewing. . . . Prettiest way to apply lace edging: use long bias strips of chiffon to sandwich lace on top of jacket. After stitching, trim seam, press to inside, and roll bias edging over seam; sew down by hand with size A silk thread and number 10 needle (use for seams, too).
THE SHORT DRESS: To get right blouson proportion, try on dress *before* stitching waistline; adjust.
TIPS ON CREPE-BACK SATIN: Use a new needle to prevent snagging. . . . To take out machine pucker, press seams together before pressing open; use manilla-envelope strips under seams to prevent pressing marks. . . . Keep press cloth barely damp. . . . Other fabric ideas, both pages: fluid looks take thin, soft, super-fluid materials—i.e., not taffeta, not stiff satin, only the most chiffon-weight of velvet.

Lausanne

Favorite stopping place on the Grand-Hotel circuit of international guests—who like to see each other, to be near everything, to zip in and out—is the Lausanne-Palace Hotel, right in the middle of town. In its great hall, observation post for the action, regulars reserve tables for tea and drinks, even for late-night backgammon and gin rummy games. Above, in the silent upstairs corridors, a guest holds the key to a suite filled with comforts, free of noise.

TOSCANI

Sew them yourself—

THE LOOKS YOU WANT FOR FALL

Kleibacker tips

THE ROBES: The finishing touch for both—not included in the pattern—is the satin piping (sash fringe is also extra). With piping, the trick is to hand-baste first—pinning simply won't work.... To avoid dimples at dart ends, don't backstitch at point; instead, sew right to the edge, then hand-tie threads. Cut open, steam-press over a pressing ham....Other fabric ideas: a supple velvet (such as the new Qiana velvet) would be wonderful—for pants, too; also, cashmere, jersey, tiny silk prints.

THE NIGHTDRESS: If you're making this pattern in a stretch fabric, leave out the zipper!—you won't need it or want it....When machine stitching, stretch the long bias seams for all they're worth on the skirt, but don't stretch at top—this will make the top cling and the skirt hang straight (and the threads won't crack when you stretch out in it)....Other fabric ideas: silky fabrics, thinnest satins—but forget stripes, plaids, big prints: they simply won't work with this pattern and they're impossible to handle on the bias.

THE BEDJACKET: Prettiest way to finish this is with tiny handrolled hems instead of facings. Tip: sew a line of small machine stitching where you want the hem to be—it gives the fabric something to roll with. Use your size A silk thread and number 10 needle again—and press out machine puckers before rolling, or you'll get a crooked line.

the look

at-ease, at-home dressing... the perfect bathrobe

Left: The classic shawl-collared wrap in white wool crêpe with white satin piping, silky white fringe, soft white scarf stock-tied at the throat—all luxe, lightness, and warmth. Robe, Vogue Pattern 7921. Woolmark fabric, by Anglo Fabrics, at Marshall Field; Sakowitz; Meier & Frank.

..the prettiest nightdressing

Right: Ultra-feminine—the look of a bias ivory nightdress that's just one long curve after another, and a matching bedjacket when you're really not ready for bed.... Dress, Vogue Pattern 8838; jacket, Vogue Pattern 8855. Nyesta jersey of Antron nylon, by Don-nel Fabrics. Jordan Marsh, Boston; Sakowitz; Meier & Frank.

new turn on a pyjama

Far right: The shawl-collared robe as a smoking wrapped over narrow matching pants, in palest beige wool jersey with white satin piping—perfect for late suppers at home. Robe, Vogue Pattern 7921; pull-on pants, Vogue Pattern 8862. Woolmark fabric by Fair-tex Mills, at Sakowitz; Meier & Frank. Pattern details, page 124.

All accessories, next to last page. Hair, here and the preceding eight pages, Jean-Louis David.


Zurich
TOSCANI

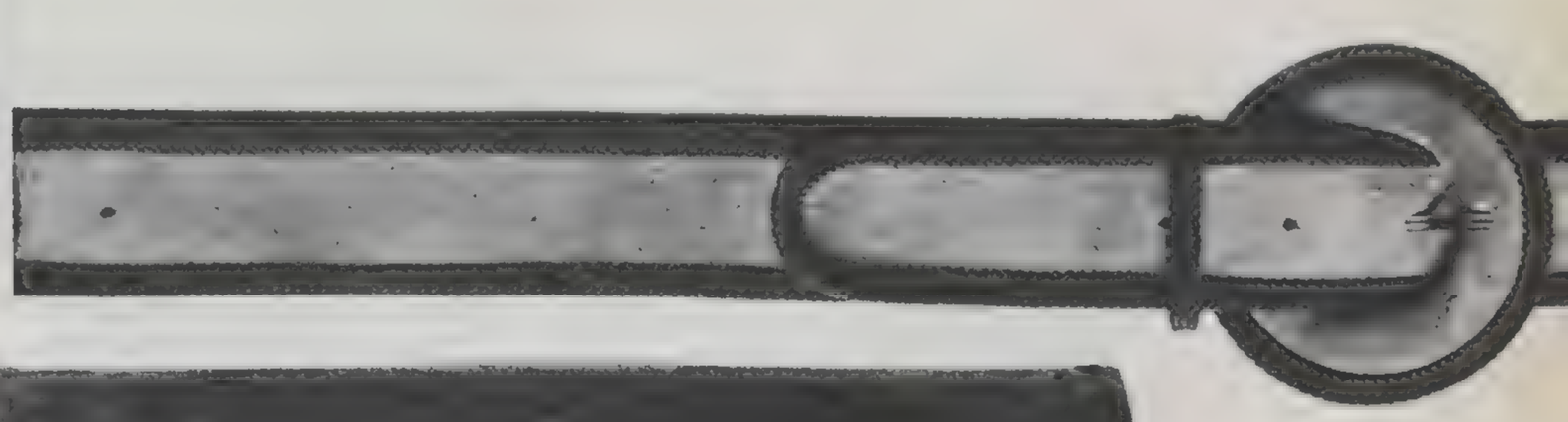
July

FINDS

The key accessories for fall—the things that make fashion click this season. The suède clutch...the new narrow belt... the softness of mufflers and scarves used together—things that add warmth to clothes, vary the texture...turn the look!



Key bag, *above:* the soft, small clutch in Bordeaux suède with "tortoiseshell" rim . . . and the beautiful silk crêpe de Chine scarf striped in black, grey, white—great way to pull together a two-piece jersey dress. Judith Leiber bag, $270; Saks Fifth Avenue. Yves Saint Laurent scarf, $100; Bloomingdale's. M&J Savitt necklaces, at Bloomingdale's.

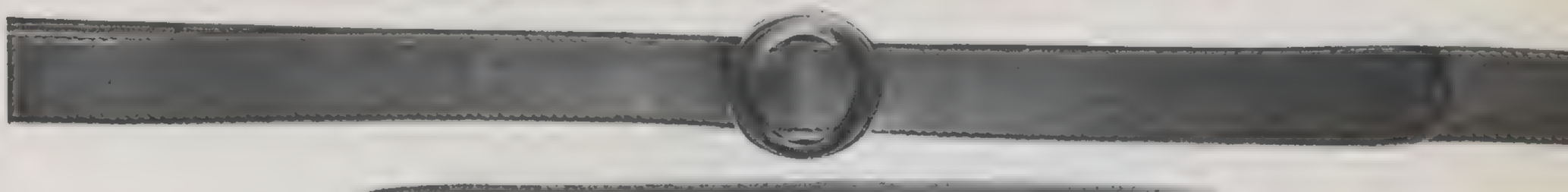


belts

This page, *above and below*—the new look of a narrow belt. *Top,* camel suède with silky black passementerie edging. By Yves Saint Laurent, $18. August, at Bloomingdale's....*Below,* simple and perfect—the narrow belt in tan leather, circular gilt buckle. From French Belt, $15. At Lord & Taylor.

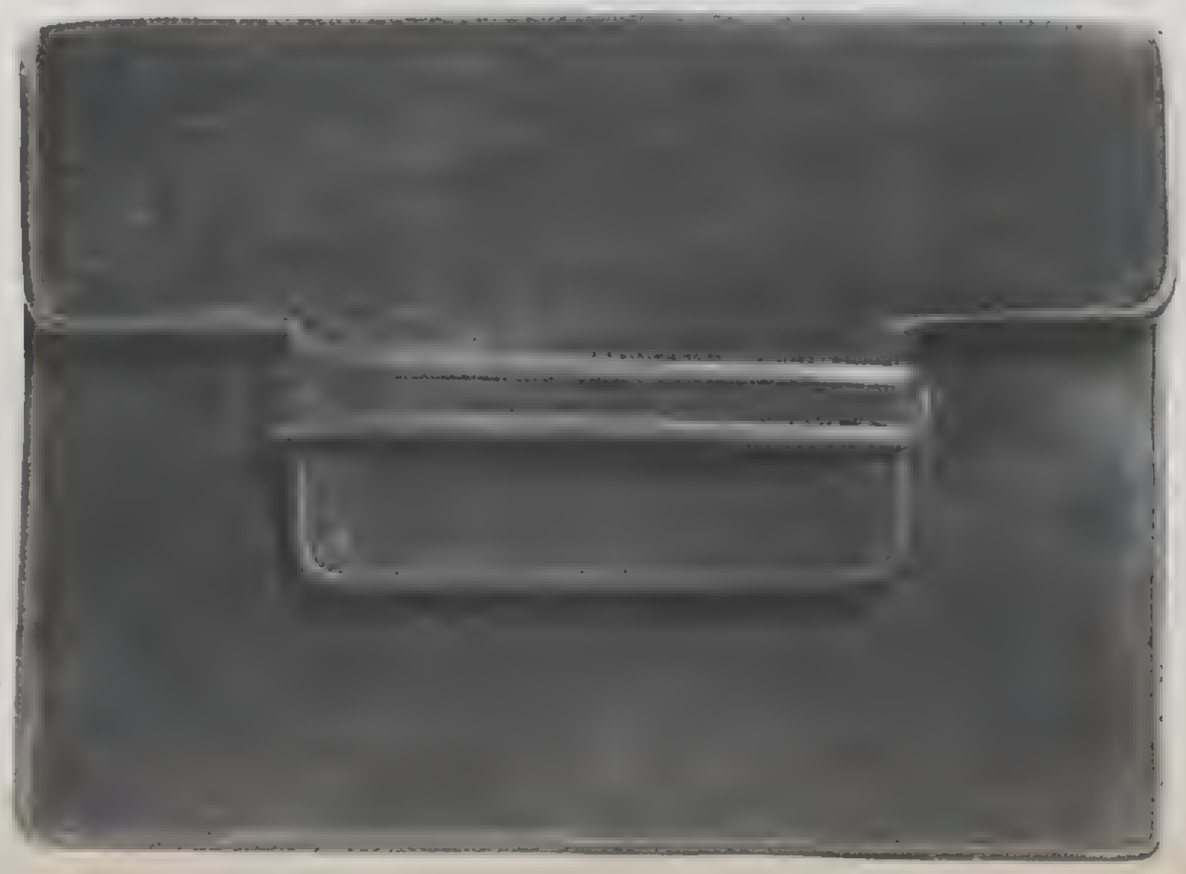


Opposite page, the suède clutch goes on! —good look, good proportion. *Top,* Bordeaux suède, edged in wood, initialed in U—for Ungaro. September, at Saks Fifth Avenue.... *Directly right,* the neat black suède clutch with Bordeaux suède trim, gold-and-silver clasp. By Ferragamo. About $105. To order, at Saks Fifth Avenue.



bags

The bag to own—the Bordeaux clutch. *This page,* two versions from Yves Saint Laurent. In suède for day, *above,* with a punchwork design, whipstitch edges. $175, at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche....For evening, *below,* deep-Bordeaux velvet, piped in gold leather. $200. At Saint Laurent Rive Gauche.



Opposite page, belt news from Yves Saint Laurent— for day, *near right,* camel suède with rows of punchwork. About $20; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche....At night, his beautiful passementerie belt in tones of brown, with a deep-ruby clasp. About $60. August, at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche.

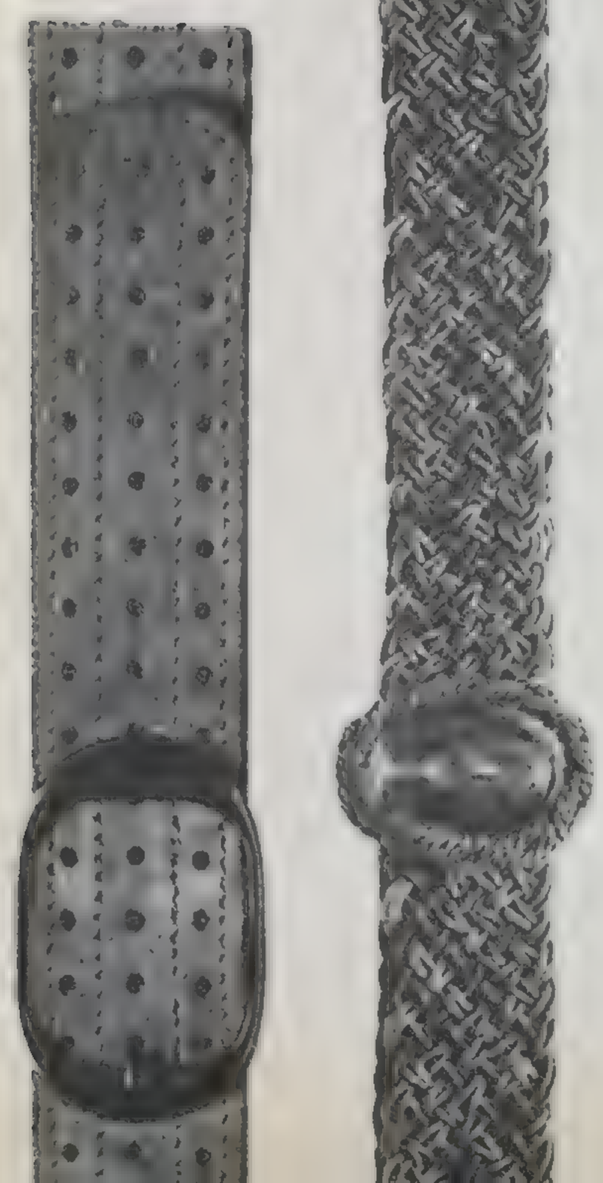
BOB STONE





Surprise belt, *above:* a "chain" of carved flowers in hand-tooled oxblood leather. By Ben King for Midtown Belts. $45. At Henri Bendel.





The wearing of scarves and mufflers, *right,* gives a whole new look to the most classic raincoat. Starting from the outside: a soft, fringed beige wool muffler hanging loose; black-dotted beige silk crêpe de Chine looped over the sweater; and a silky ivory scarf knotted at the throat—all tones, all textures of beige (including the soft little camel cloche). Muffler by Yves Gonnet, $25. At Henri Bendel. Dotted scarf by Yves Saint Laurent, $100. At Bloomingdale's. Qiana nylon scarf, by Doro, $20, Saks Fifth Avenue. Pringle Shetland pullover. Poplin raincoat, camel's-hair liner ($360) and wool pants ($90) by Ralph Lauren. August, Bloomingdale's. Earrings: Ann Peerce for La Crasia, $5. At Henri Bendel. Hat: Don Anderson for Scheer Bros. $7. At Bonwit Teller.



scarves

MEG GREENFIELD

(Continued from page 91)

Though pushed to the edge, he didn't go over. Something in him went Whang!—and he said No.

"That's what you hope you would do, because you never know. Choices aren't as clear as when others make them. You can only hope when you're going around the second turn you'll say, 'What the hell am I doing in this car, anyway?' "

The basic ethic, for Meg, is contained in being responsible toward one's self—and others. "We never used *words* like this at home, but I was taught that you could only be free and have dignity and self-respect if you were responsible for what you did. It was also assumed that you could do anything if you only applied yourself to doing it. Also, courtesy had nothing to do with what you learned out of a book or which fork to use. It depended more on how you treated other people. You couldn't get away with anything on the grounds that all the other kids did it, or because you were only eight years old and blameless.

"No excuses were accepted. Unless your temperature was 108, you went to school. As a result, I never dug those girls who complained about a grade, saying it was low because the professor didn't like them, or because they were Jewish. I can imagine myself taking off in a space capsule before I would say I didn't win because the game was rigged against me."

This inbred reliance upon self has not helped Meg with Women's Lib. She admits its worth, but there are emotional and mental blocks.

"Women as a group have gotten the short end of the stick in economic, political, and social life. Washington especially is an abnormal place, a company town where government is the company. Wives are thrown over the side in the social contest . . . really pushed around. So, in many ways, I don't want to put the movement down.

"But I'm temperamentally alien to most of it. I'm afraid they regard me as an Aunt Jemima or something; but I can't imagine myself marching down the street with a great stick saying anything on it, especially in a group claiming to speak for womankind.

"Also, I don't know what people mean when they say 'the woman's view'—except on certain issues. For instance, in the defense and strategic nuclear stuff I write about, Bella Abzug has a view that's not mine; Margaret Chase Smith, who used to be on the Armed Services Committee, has an opposite view that's not mine. The person closest to my view in the U.S. Senate happens to be a Black man from Massachusetts, Edward Brooke. Or take busing: In Boston, Louise Day Hicks has led the charge against school integration. She may be a Northern woman; but it's a Southern white male, Congressman Rich Preyer from North Carolina, who has a bill in the hopper that represents more where I am."

She also feels that the designation *Ms.* does not represent her, or much of anybody else. It's a losing battle, but she won't give up.

"When we moved into the new building, I looked down the row of door nameplates. There was *Mr.* Asher, *Mr.* Anderson, *Mr.* McCarthy . . . then, *Meg* Greenfield. I said, 'That's curious, I know exactly why that happened. You're having a nervous breakdown over this.' They said, 'Yes, we are.' I said, 'Well, take it off. I don't want it.' They wanted to put up *Ms.* and I said, 'You will like hell. You'll put *Miss.* It's a hideous thing that's happened to me, but it's mine: *M....i....s....s.*' "

"Shortly after that, the government style manual came out and they accepted Ms.-for-Miss-and-Mrs. So I did a lighthearted editorial on what happens when you obliterate the identification of women in terms of their sexual, marital, or maternal condition. You can come up with things like *John's Other Co-Person, The Merry Survivor, Grandms. Moses,* and *Citizen Bloor.* We got some filthy letters in reply. My favorite said: 'If you had a woman writing on your page, this never would have happened.' "

Liberation is a relative term to Meg: "People often say, 'You're lucky, you were liberated ahead of time.' But I wonder. Housewives in Silver Spring talk about libération as escaping from the washing machine into the newsroom, while I have some vague sense that for me it would be going in the other direction. I think, 'Gee, wouldn't it be great: three small children and a washing machine . . . and a fella.' "

She calmly moved into the subject of marriage without being asked—though her words became more measured and reflective.

"I suppose I could tell you—not that I would—about how I

"Reality was something you didn't invent. You ran after it, often tripping—because you were lugging a heavy tripod"

SONTAG

(Continued from page 84)

in my writings and other films. The complexity of the reality that I found in Israel, when I was filming in October and November of last year, sums up certain of my persistent preoccupations better than the two scripts that I had written and filmed in Sweden.

That a war was on, or latent, or menacing during the whole shooting period set the quixotic mood in which most of the obstacles were confronted. All events became converted into risks, and escapades, whether it was the chance that my heroic French producer might never find the money to finance the film I was already shooting or the chance that one of us might get hurt or killed—according to a warning yelled after us by soldiers ("Watch out for mines!")—while filming at the front in the Sinai Desert.

Mines indeed! I asked a soldier where they were. "They're all over. Buried a few inches in the sand," he said. "You can't see them." We set off anyway on foot, for our closer look at the Egyptian Third Army. (Good footage, and a scoop; it ended on the cutting-room floor.) Lugging Nagra and Arriflex and tripod, we felt less brave than silly—more like Dietrich in the final scene in *Morocco,* setting out to follow Gary Cooper, her Foreign Legionnaire lover, across the Sahara in spike-heeled shoes.

Shooting consisted of five exhausting weeks, often fifteen hours a day. At the hotel each night, after sometimes chugging back and forth over most of that small country in our rented diesel-engine minibus in a single day, I could spend the insomniac hours making notes on the film that was emerging in my head. My idea was to make a truthful "documentary" (if that's what it has to be called) with as much care—or artifice, if you like—as a fiction film. In making fiction films, I could construct a script—lay out how people moved, devise lines for them to speak—and then coach the actors and crew how to execute what was already written down. But here events were happening before the camera first; being written down, constructed into a script, after. Reality was something you didn't invent. You ran after it, often tripping—because you were lugging a heavy tripod. And yet, in the end, what got on film was mostly the reality that I already understood, that corresponded to the images and rhythms I already had in my head. Being rather tuned into sadness, to the tears in things, I put a lot of that in *Promised Lands.* Alas, it's not just in my head. It's what Israel does seem to me, at this moment, to be about.

The reason I cavil at the term "documentary" to describe nonfiction films is that it's too narrow. "Documentary" suggests that the film is a document. But it is, or can be, much more. As fiction films do something analogous to what is done in prose forms like the novel and the short story, so nonfiction films can have a broad choice of nonfiction literary models. Journalism is only one: the film as reportage. More analytical kinds of writing are another model: for instance, the film as essay. (Possible literary analogues to the film discourse of *Promised Lands,* I suppose, are the poem, the essay, and the lamentation.)

Fiction films, using actors, are necessarily concerned with developing an "action" (or plot). The job of nonfiction films is not so much to develop actions as to represent conditions. This is how Bertolt Brecht defined the aim of epic theater. But it is hard to envisage how the theater, which must always use actors (whether professional or nonprofessional) could really ever get away from an "action." But movies—at least nonfiction films—can.

This is what I tried to do in *Promised Lands:* represent a condition, rather than an action. Having that purpose in mind doesn't mean that the film isn't concrete. On the contrary, it has to be—particularly since part of my subject is war, and anything about any war that does not show the appalling concreteness of destruction and death is a dangerous lie. It is a film about a mental landscape—as well as a physical and political one. Old people pray. Couples shop in a market. A Bedouin woman chases her goat in a nomadic encampment. Palestinian schoolgirls saunter down a street in the Gaza Strip under the watchful eye of an Israeli patrol. Soldiers lie unburied on the battlefield. Bereaved families weep at a mass burial held just after the cease-fire. In a military hospital outside Tel Aviv a shell-shocked soldier attempts clumsily to bandage a cooperative male nurse,

didn't get married during two episodes of my life when it was a possible decision. But that's not the question. The question after all these years, is *why*, and my answer is: Damned if I know. I think it was an awful mistake."

She hesitated, then continued: "Looking back at a relationship or experience, one can see the cunning. In those situations when instincts conflicted, you managed to be the only one putting on pressure for more when you were sure the other person was not receptive to it. And when he was receptive, you were in flight, engaging in reflexive strategies and cutting off the possibility of what you thought you wanted at the moment."

Life in Washington, especially for a woman alone, was not always easy.

"It takes a long time," she said, "to create friendships that have some life apart from mutual, professional need. I mean a friend you can call up or who can call you up and say, 'God, I feel lousy today' and not have to talk about what Kissinger is supposed to have told Sadat. Or someone you can go to the movies with on Sunday night. That's the hard part. Finding friendship and being good at it. 'Washington is a company town' and what you do all day is what you talk about when you're out to dinner in the evening. Practically all human relationships are affected by this. It's as if there were a big rating board up somewhere and people were like stocks, going up or down . . . or sideways.

"You become so consumed with politics and with secrets behind the official business that you stop seeing or responding to anything else. You think of yourself as some kind of a register. You don't see the flowers and, more important, you don't see the people. You see them only in terms of how they're doing, are they in or out . . . or just sideways. So people become less than people and it's terribly destructive to one's self."

For Meg, salvation was found in withdrawing to her three-story house in Georgetown.

"I need a certain amount of solitude: me and a book. Maybe just an evening, or a Sunday alone, to kind of clear the head. I'm a Nero Wolfe freak and keep hoping for another book to be written. Also classical and medieval history do things to my imagination, especially Livy. I love reading him from an escapist's point of view. Suetonius is more gossipy and dirtier, but I can vanish into Livy. It's like taking a vacation. It has nothing to do with what Haldeman said to Magruder on the 23rd of some month."

Books, however, are not enough. There is also a garden that she has projected as a backyard arena to satisfy her gladiatorial pleasures at home.

"It's not the Grand Canyon, but just the right size. I planted a lot of things after people said: 'Don't put that plant in, because it'll take over and you'll be out there fighting it.' So I said: 'I can't wait.' My intention is to have something that in Georgetown terms would be a countergarden—not the sophisticated plot, with twelve shiny dark-green things and two azaleas, where you go to get plastered.

"That's not for me. I'm going for a garden that's considered physically impossible in Washington weather. A sort of English garden with Palermo-erotic and Seattle memories, full of flowers, and so inappropriate to this style of life that my ultimate goal will be to get zoned out of the neighborhood, with the Citizens Association of Georgetown saying, 'Honeysuckle and hollyhocks are the last straw . . . now you've gone too far!' "

That would be the day all right—even better than the day Agnew resigned. Well. . . . almost. ▽

reenacting the unbearable moments when he dragged his already dead comrade out of their burning tank and tried to give him medical aid. In a hotel room, a melancholy sabra in his forties muses over the paradoxes of the historical destiny of the Jews. Modern buildings go up in the impassive lunar desert.

Why these moments, and not others? That's the mystery, the choice, the risk. In a nonfiction film, the director doesn't invent. Nevertheless, one is always choosing—what to film, what not to film. In the end, one sees what one has eyes (and heart) to see. Reality must not be approached servilely, but piously.

In answer to my friends, I've said, "Yes, I'm pleased with the film." "Yes, it did come out pretty much as I hoped." That's not altogether true. It came out better than I hoped. Luck was with me; accidents happened. I "presided." Tears (mine, the producer's, crew members') flowed. And the camera rolled, the Nagra recorded. The resulting hour-and-a-half of film is true to what I experienced there, and to things that I had always known and am still trying to say. *Promised Lands* hardly tells all the truths there are about the conflicts in the Middle East, about the October War, about the mood of Israel right now, about war and loss and memory and survival. But what the film does tell is true. It was like that. To tell the truth (even some of it) is already a marvelous privilege, responsibility, gift. ▽

IRELAND

(Continued from page 88)

an outrageous Dublin wit clothed in a long-suffering exterior. The other gallery, nearby in St. Stephen's Green, is run by a Jamaican expatriate, David Hendricks. On weekends, the DANDELION MARKET, on the same side of the green, is worth visiting for bargains.

To eat, the best food is at SNAFFLES in Lr. Leeson Street, or in the KING SITRIC restaurant in the fishing village of Howth, about ten miles away at the northern tip of Dublin Bay. The fish is so good there, it's worth walking the ten miles. THE BAILEY restaurant is also pleasant and has a ground-floor bar that is the most frequent drinking place of the younger artists. The other pub frequented by the art community is TONER'S in Lr. Baggot St., while the poets and writers go to McDAID'S in Harry Street. Louis Stewart, the best jazz guitarist in Ireland, plays on Tuesday evenings in MOONEY'S of upper Baggot St.

Anywhere in the city, from the Liberties around Christ Church Cathedral east to Ballsbridge, makes pleasant wandering, through whole streets and squares of eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century buildings; north of the Liffey the old areas have suffered more heavily at the hands of rebuilders, but it is still worth strolling through the KING'S INNS and Henrietta St.

The Dublin Mountains can be reached by car in twenty minutes from the center of the city—marvelously wild, untouched country stretches over thirty miles down into County Wicklow. Bull Island, reached by a causeway on the north side of the Bay, is a bird sanctuary where literally thousands of migrating seabirds land and take off within sound of the center-city traffic. The Hill of Howth, at the tip of the Bay, is quite wild above the residential line, gorse, rocks, and heather—looking out to sea, with the city behind one, one could be in as remote a place as furthest Connemara.

—DOROTHY WALKER



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LEMONS

(Continued from page 98)

A LEMON HORS D'OEUVRE TRAY

(Algerian Olive Salad, Mushrooms with Lemon-Cream Dressing, Sesame Tahini)

six servings

Algerian Olive Salad

1 small cauliflower
1 lemon
1 cup olives (Fantis brand Calamata olives are particularly good, otherwise use black olives)
Seasonings: 1 teaspoon paprika,
1 teaspoon sugar,
½ teaspoon cumin powder,
dash Cayenne pepper,
salt and pepper to taste,
¾ tablespoons olive oil

Cook cauliflower in salted boiling water for only 3-4 minutes, drain, cool, break into flowerets, and slice fairly thin. With a sharp knife peel lemon, cutting away all the white membrane and cut into ¼-inch cubes. Cut olives in half and discard pits. Put all ingredients in a salad bowl. Toss gently but thoroughly and serve—a pungent, aromatic salad.

Lemon-Cream Mushroom Salad

18 raw mushroom caps, peeled and sliced
4 teaspoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon prepared Dijon-type mustard
4 tablespoons heavy cream
Salt and pepper to taste
3 hard-boiled eggs, each cut into 4 wedges
1 tablespoon chopped chives

Put mushrooms in serving bowl. In another bowl combine lemon juice, mustard, cream, salt, and pepper. Mix well. Pour over mushrooms. Garnish with eggs and sprinkle with chives.

Sesame Tahini

1 cup canned chick-peas, drained
Juice of 2-3 lemons
2-3 cloves garlic, put through a garlic press
½ cup tahini (ground hulled sesame seed—Sahadi brand Sesame Tahini is excellent)
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
Paprika

Reserving a few chick-peas for decoration, put the rest of the chick-peas and all other ingredients except the paprika in a blender. Blend on high speed until you have a creamy paste. Add some oil if needed. Taste and add more lemon juice, salt, and pepper if desired. Put into a serving bowl, decorate with reserved chick-peas, and sprinkle with paprika. Serve with sesame crackers, rye bread, or warmed buttered Syrian flat bread.

PICKLED SHRIMP IN LEMON ASPIC

four to six servings

1 pound uncooked shrimp in their shells
½ cup lemon juice
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 medium onion, peeled, sliced very thin
4 teaspoons mixed pickling spices
1 bay leaf
4 teaspoons sugar
3 sprigs parsley
1½ packages of Knox gelatin (unflavored)

Make a court bouillon by peeling shrimp and putting shells (reserving the shrimp themselves till later) into a pot with 1 cup water. Add all other ingredients except gelatin and simmer, covered, 20 minutes. Add shrimp and simmer another 3-4 minutes.

Put a sieve lined with a doubled cheesecloth over a large bowl and pour contents of pot into sieve. Remove shrimp and about half of the onions, making certain that none of the pickling spices cling to them, and arrange them in a decorative pattern in a deep bowl. Discard contents of sieve.

Let the strained liquid get quite cool. Remove half a cup of this liquid and sprinkle gelatin over it to let it soften. Put rest of liquid in a pot over low heat. Now pour the half-cup of liquid and gelatin into pot and cook 3-4 minutes, stirring constantly until gelatin is completely dissolved. Pour it all over shrimp, pouring slowly in order not to disturb the arrangement. When cool, put in refrigerator at least 2 hours.

When ready to serve, carefully run a knife around edges of bowl to loosen gelatin, cover with a round serving dish and invert. The mold should come out very easily. If it does not, wrap a dish cloth wrung out in very hot water around the bowl for just a few seconds. Serve garnished with lemon slices and accompanied by:

Horseradish Sauce

3 teaspoons grated horseradish
1½ cups sour cream

Mix together thoroughly and chill till serving time.

FISH FILLETS, MARSEILLAISE

two servings

3 small fresh mackerel, fresh herring, or perch, filleted
Flour for dredging (approximately ⅓ cup)
Salt and pepper
5 tablespoons olive oil
4 cloves garlic, slightly crushed
Dash of vinegar
8 slices of lemon

Dredge fish lightly on both sides in flour and season with salt and pepper. Put 3 tablespoons of the oil in a large skillet and heat till very hot. Sauté fish fillets for just a minute or 2 on each side till golden brown. Remove them to a warm platter.

Add remaining oil to pan and the garlic. Sauté till garlic is browned. Add vinegar and lemon slices, pressing down on them with the back of a spoon to extract some of their juices. Cook a few seconds till juices boil up. Pour over fish fillets on platter and serve. Delicious!

MOROCCAN CHICKEN WITH PRESERVED LEMONS

four servings

Preserved lemons: A very simple preparation that must be made several days in advance. If you make it one weekend, it will be ready to use the next. It keeps almost indefinitely.

Slice whole lemons into thin slices, discarding seeds as you go. Arrange them in layers in a colander over a deep dish, sprinkling each layer generously with coarse salt. Let stand 12 hours. Discard the liquid that has collected in the dish.

Pack lemon slices with whatever salt clings to them in layers in clean Mason jars or crocks with covers. Pack tightly, then fill jars with olive oil. Let stand a few minutes to let air bubbles rise to surface. Fill to the brim with a little more oil and cover.

Chicken
2½- to 3-pound chicken, cut into 8 pieces
½ cup olive oil
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon freshly ground pepper
1 large onion, peeled and chopped
¾ cup Italian-style canned tomatoes, drained and coarsely chopped
2 cloves garlic, crushed
Seasonings: 1 teaspoon each sugar, ginger, and coriander; 2 pinches saffron; ½ teaspoon pepper but no more salt
12 green olives, halved, pits discarded
12 slices preserved lemons
1½ cups chicken broth
¼ cup slivered, blanched almonds
¼ cup currants

Sauté chicken in a heavy iron or ovenproof skillet large enough to hold all the pieces in 1 layer in ¼ cup of the olive oil. Brown on both sides, remove to a warm platter, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add remaining oil to skillet and sauté onions over low heat till translucent but not brown.

Add tomatoes, garlic, seasonings, olives, lemons, broth and mix. Put pieces of chicken back in skillet, spooning some of the sauce over them but leaving the lemons in the sauce as much as possible. Simmer gently over low heat for about 20 minutes.

Add almonds and currants and cover skillet tightly with aluminum foil in which you have pierced several holes. Bake in 350° oven 40 minutes. Serve with rice, covering each portion of chicken with 2-3 lemon slices and a generous amount of sauce. Accompany with a bottle of Spanish Marqués de Riscal.

Variation: Make exactly the same sauce, omitting the chicken broth. Pour it over a whole fish such as a striped bass and bake. Equally splendid!

VEAL IN LEMON SAUCE (PICCATA DI VITELLO)

four servings

1 pound medallions of veal, pounded as thin as possible and cut into 3 by 4 inch pieces
¼ cup flour
Salt and pepper
4 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons parsley
10 rolled anchovy fillets, stuffed with capers
10 slices of lemon

Lightly dredge pieces of veal in flour. Season with salt and pepper. Heat 2 tablespoons of the butter and oil in a large skillet until bubbling. Brown medallions on each side a minute or 2. Do not cook more at one time than can be placed in a single layer. Remove to a warm serving platter. Pour off all fat in pan and add remaining butter, lemon juice, and parsley. Put veal back in pan and heat, spooning lemon sauce over veal. Serve garnished with lemon slices and anchovies. Accompany with a puree of potatoes and leeks.

LAMB STEW

six servings

3 pounds boned lamb for stew, cut in 2-inch squares
5 tablespoons olive oil
1 tablespoon butter
12 scallions, chopped (including some of the green part)
2 cloves garlic
2 tablespoons flour
Seasonings: ½ teaspoon sugar; 1 teaspoon each salt, pepper, paprika; 1 bay leaf
1 tablespoon tomato sauce
1½-2 cups beef broth
1½ cups chopped parsley
10 lemon slices
3 egg yolks
½ cup sour cream

In a large heavy skillet heat 4 tablespoons of the oil till sizzling. Brown lamb carefully on all sides. Cook only as many pieces at one time as will not crowd the pan. As they are done, remove to a warmed platter.

Meanwhile in a heavy casserole, melt butter with remaining oil, (Continued on opposite page)

"The child, having experienced this heavy new world, suddenly regains some of his former weightlessness"

BORN HAPPY

(Continued from page 81)

all the way back to birth. Freud, W. Reich and Rank expressed it well in their work: distress stems from that first anxiety brought on by separation from the mother. It is manifested in two aspects: one physical, through oxygen deprivation when the cord is cut too soon and secondly by the emotional separation.

Touch: It is considered normal to put a baby into cloth wraps straightaway. But, after having been in such a slippery environment, the contact with clothes for the infant is as if he were being scorched. I put the newborn on the mother's abdomen, naked, since only skin is alive and sensitive enough to be bearable. He first lies on his tummy, so he will open very slowly from the fetal position, following his own speed and rhythm. The mother puts her hands on his back and so does the father (or myself) and the newborn feels security, being held closely once again as it was in the uterus for such a long time. The baby, once outside the uterus, suddenly feels that nothing is holding him together and has a sensation of bursting at the seams. Figuratively speaking, we are holding all of the pieces together. When he begins to stretch, I turn him on his side and only once he is comfortable in that position do I turn him on his back. A little later the mother props up the baby in a sitting position. His internal attitude has changed in some way.

I am dealing here with the first few minutes of his life when all feelings are so overwhelming. His first problem is with breathing. He should be allowed to tackle it by himself within his own rhythm. Therefore, he can slowly come to terms with breathing. When the cord has stopped pulsating and is cut, I make sure that the first separation from the mother is associated with something wonderful. This is so important because it is this very separation that causes human beings the most problems. Ninety-five percent of all people are still children hung up with their mothers; it has been replaced by other things like offices and cars but they are all dependent!

I thought for a long time about what could be the first pleasant thing for a baby besides a kind hand. It became evident that the only acceptable element was water.

A bath is made ready, the water is a little above body temperature. The newborn is slowly immersed up to his neck. What happens then is wonderful: the child truly relaxes. You can see he feels at ease, often a real smile appears on his face. The child, having experienced this heavy new world, suddenly regains some of the liquid weightlessness he used to know. His eyes open and he starts looking all around. All I do at this stage is to hold him under his head at the nape of the neck, he does the rest.

C: Do you mean that the umbilical stub is immersed as well?

F: Yes, that's quite all right. The dangers of infection nowadays are minimal. As the child is taken out of the bath, a little antiseptic can be applied on the umbilical stump as a measure of safety. I have bathed over a thousand babies at birth and there has never been an infection. For the bath, hot water from the tap is fine. If it seems too hot simply pour cold water in it. Dip your elbow in the water to check the temperature. The baby in the warm water literally begins to play and to discover inner and outer space, moving arms and legs. You look at him and you really get the feeling of someone discovering the world. Often I turn my eyes away so as not to impose my gaze upon the child, their searching is so great that it almost brings tears. Some babies become calm straightaway, stop crying and play at stretching their arms and kicking their legs; others take longer. The baby remains in the bath for three to six minutes. You can see the tension disappear, the spine is loose, a smile appears. We then take him out, dry him and wrap him very loosely in cotton cloth. Then another important moment comes: we let him experience stillness. It is quite an unknown feeling for the baby since he has lived in a storm for nine months.

C: What did you say?

F: In a storm. In other words, aboard a ship constantly in movement. Even when the mother is sleeping the diaphragm is moving. So for nine months the little being has lived in a tumultuous environment. He has never known one moment of respite. His sea of amniotic fluid is always in movement whether it is calm or stormy. So we lay him flat and suddenly nothing is moving anymore. Since the baby has gone through all these experiences slowly and lovingly he accepts his new stage, even being immobile which is one of the reasons why whenever the baby cries in the following months he will have to be picked up and rocked each time this primal panic seizes him. Often this panic is provoked as the child wakes up and realizes the world is still. This and the breathing factor are the two main contradictions between life in the uterus and life outside. But in this gradual coming to life you can really see the difference in the infant's reactions: the eyes open wide, he touches himself and the things around him. No more screams and tears but a smile. When a child is born this way everything becomes voluptuous instead of painful. Not only do the babies not scream, but there is a whole special newborn language going on, babbling and funny little noises. ▽

LEMONS

(Continued from opposite page)

add scallions and garlic, and cook over low heat till scallions are wilted. Add browned pieces of lamb to casserole, sprinkling each layer with a little flour. Stir so that flour will get brown. Add seasonings, tomato sauce, and just enough broth to barely cover meat. Cover, simmer 30 minutes.

Add parsley and lemon slices and simmer another 20-30 minutes or until lamb is tender. Let stew cool to tepid. Lightly beat together egg yolks and sour cream. Stir into stew, slowly reheat; but do not boil or egg mixture will curdle. Serve with wheat pilaf.

POTATOES SAINT-TROPEZ
six servings

2 cups onions, sliced thin
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 teaspoon each salt and pepper
1 stick butter
2 pounds potatoes, peeled and cut into thin slices
8 anchovies, chopped
4 tablespoons chopped parsley
Grated rind of 1 lemon
Juice of 1 lemon
1 cup milk

Preheat oven to 400°. Sauté onions in oil till translucent but not brown. Season with salt and pepper. Spread 2 tablespoons of the butter in a glass baking dish and cover with 1 layer of potatoes, then a layer of onions, then a layer of anchovies, parsley, and lemon rind mixed together. Dot with butter. Repeat the process, alternating layers, dotting each layer with butter. Pour lemon juice and milk over all, cover with aluminum foil, and bake 1 hour or till potatoes are tender. Serve with poached salmon.

(Continued on page 123)

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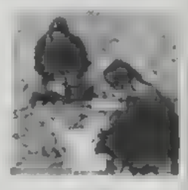
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FASHION AND ACCESSORY DETAILS

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Page 52: Marvella earrings.
Page 53: Bottega Veneta bag. Elegant belts. Van Alen buckle. Tights: Christian Dior, Lord & Taylor. Shoes: Andrea Pfister, at Lord & Taylor, N.Y.
Page 54: Don Kline hat at Saks Fifth Avenue.
Page 55: Mespo umbrella. Doro scarf. Bag: Walter Katten. Cadoro cuffs. Gloves: Saks Fifth Avenue. Ferragamo shoes, Saks Fifth Avenue.
Page 56 and 57: Headscarf: Liberty of London. Jules van Rouge necklaces. Bracelets by Peter and Peggy for P.C. Designs. Elegant belts. Shoulder bag by Judith Leiber.
Page 58: Jules van Rouge earrings and necklace. Neck scarf by Krizia. Green scarf around coat: Cisco. Cadoro cuff. Paul Stuart bag.
Page 59: Earrings: Medusa Heirlooms by Kathryn Hausman.
Page 60: Hat by Don Anderson for Scheer Bros. Earrings and bracelets: Catherine Stein. Clutch by Falchi-Sebiri. Belle-Sharmeer tights. Shoes: Bruno Magli, at Bloomingdale's.
Page 61: Purse and dotted scarf by Yves Saint Laurent. Corum watch. Gloves by Aris.
Page 62: Earrings by Jules van Rouge. Vendôme pin. Trifari bracelets. Judith Leiber clutch. Tights: Christian Dior. Customcraft sandals.
Page 63: Headscarf by Doro. Clear bangles by K.J.L. Beauty Mist tights. Charles Jourdan sandals.
Page 67: Shirt by Chester Weinberg/N.O.W. Studio, of polyester (Brochers Couture fabric), about $130; Lord & Taylor; Dayton's.
Page 68: *Left:* Optyl sunglasses. Doro scarf. Corum watch. . . . *Right:* Veaumont beret in hand. Catherine Stein bangle. Green-wool herringbone skirt: Oscar de la Renta, at Lord & Taylor, N.Y. . . . *Bottom right:* Veaumont beret. Yves Gonnet knit scarf. Cisco silk scarf.
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Page 107: *Left:* Tony White necklace. Scarves by Echo Scarfs. Crazy Horse sweater. . . . *Right:* Hat: Don Anderson for Scheer Bros. Scarf: Echo Scarfs. Yves Gonnet muffler. Sweater: Korrigan for Jax. Elegant belt.
Page 108: *Left:* Scarves: Yves Gonnet. Braemar sweater. M&J Savitt cuff. Shoes: Danaud by Charles Jourdan, at Charles Jourdan Salon. . . . *Right:* Cisco scarf. Clip: Peter and Peggy for P.C. Designs. Elegant belts.
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Page 112: Doro scarf. K.J.L. pin.
Page 113: *Right:* Jules van Rouge jewelry. Julianelli shoes. . . . *Far right:* Golden bracelets by Jules van Rouge. Tights: Van Raalte. Herbert Levine sandals, at Bonwit Teller.
Page 114: Scarf by Doro.
Page 115: Doro scarves. M&J Savitt cuffs. Sandals *(right)*: David Evins.

LEMONS

(Continued from page 121)

COLD SPINACH SOUP
1 small onion, coarsely chopped
1 package frozen chopped spinach
Seasoning: 1½ tablespoons sugar, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
2 eggs
3 tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup sour cream
2 tablespoons chopped fresh dill
Garnish: 2 eggs, hard-boiled and chopped; ½ cucumber, peeled and diced

Measure 4 cups water into a pot. Bring to a boil, add onions, and cook over moderate heat 10 minutes. Add spinach and cook 4-5 minutes or until spinach is just cooked. Do not overcook. Add seasonings and cool in pot until tepid. In a small bowl lightly beat together lemon juice and eggs with a fork. Spoon a little of the warm spinach broth into the egg-lemon mixture, stirring constantly so eggs do not curdle or cook. Repeat this process, adding more broth to egg mixture until small bowl is full. Now pour it all back into the pot, stirring constantly. Pour into a serving bowl and cool. Add sour cream, mashing it against sides of bowl to dissolve it somewhat. Put in refrigerator 2-3 hours, serve cold.

When ready to serve, correct seasoning, adding more lemon juice, salt, pepper, or sugar. Stir in the dill. Top with garnishes or serve the chopped eggs and cucumber in separate small bowls.

ARMENIAN CHICKEN ANYA
four servings

2½-pound chicken, cut into 8 pieces
Salt and pepper
½ stick sweet butter
5 carrots, thinly sliced
2-3 small white turnips, quartered and thinly sliced
4 lemons
2 tablespoons confectioner's sugar
2 tablespoons finely chopped fresh dill or parsley
4 leeks, carefully cleaned and cut into ½-inch slices
4 carrots, sliced
4 stalks celery, sliced
1 onion, sliced
4 sprigs parsley
Seasonings: ½ teaspoon thyme, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 3 cloves
4-5 cups chicken broth
4 egg yolks, beaten with ¼ cup heavy cream and 2 tablespoons lemon juice
3 tablespoons chopped parsley
4 cloves garlic, passed through a garlic press (optional and not traditional)
2 lemons, thinly sliced

You will need a heavy casserole with a tight-fitting lid. Season chicken lightly with salt and pepper. Melt butter in casserole over lowest heat. Put pieces of chicken into casserole, turning them to coat with butter but do not brown. Add carrots and turnips and sprinkle them lightly with salt and pepper. Cover and cook over lowest heat for 20 minutes.

Meanwhile, cut lemons in half horizontally. Using a curved grapefruit knife, scoop out all the pulp, but none of the membrane, into a bowl. Add sugar and mix together. After the chicken has cooked for 20 minutes, stir in the lemon-sugar mixture. Cook over low heat another 10-20 minutes or until chicken is tender. Correct seasoning, sprinkle with dill, and serve with rice. A subtle dish with a mysterious, refreshing flavor.

FLEMISH WATERZOOIE
eight servings

1 capon (6-8 pounds), cut into 8 pieces
Salt and pepper
4 tablespoons butter

Lightly season chicken with salt and pepper. Melt butter in a heavy casserole. Spread the vegetables and parsley over the bottom; sprinkle them with salt and pepper. Cover with pieces of chicken and seasonings. Cook over low heat 10 minutes. Heat broth and pour over chicken to cover. Cover casserole and simmer 1 hour or till chicken is tender. Turn off heat and remove cover. Remove chicken pieces. Discard all bones and skin and cut chicken into large pieces. Place on ovenproof platter, moisten with a cup of broth, and keep warm in low oven.

When broth has cooled somewhat, add egg/cream/lemon-juice mixture very gradually, stirring constantly. Add parsley and garlic. Cook a minute or 2 over lowest heat until soup thickens somewhat. Serve this magnificent traditional Flemish dish, halfway between a soup and a stew, in deep plates, garnishing each one with a slice of lemon. ▽

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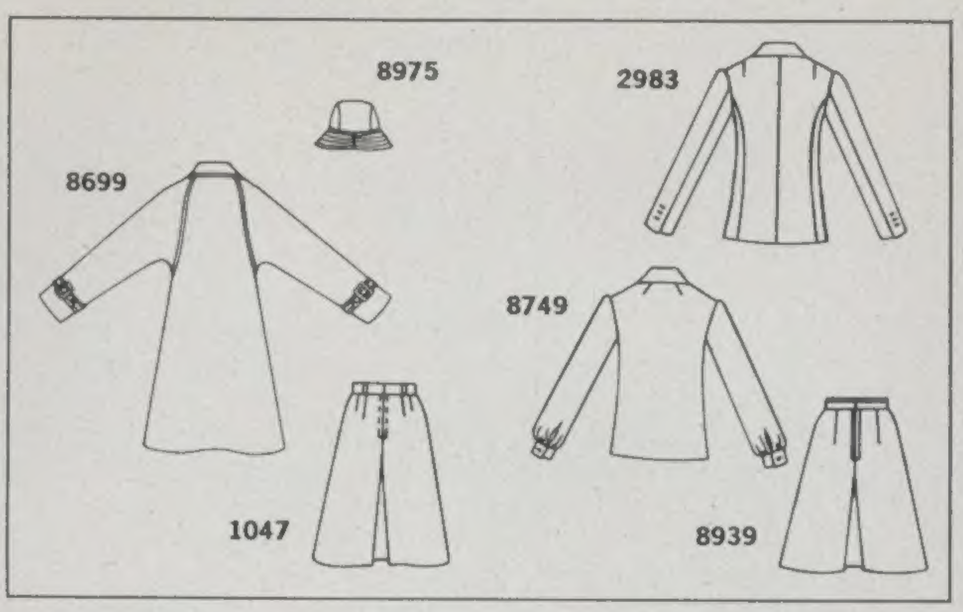
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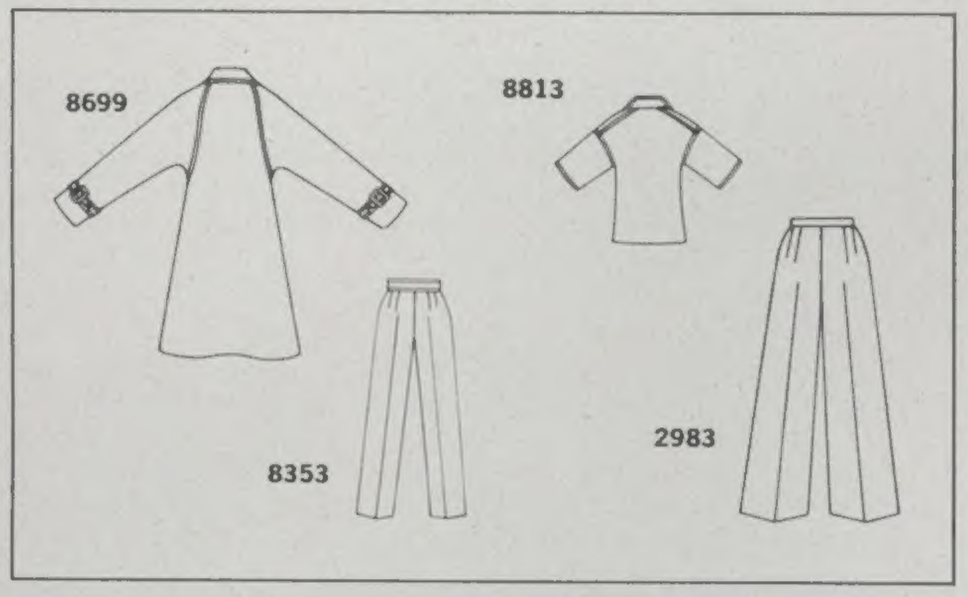
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VOGUE PATTERNS (Continued from pages 106-115; other views, yardages, details)



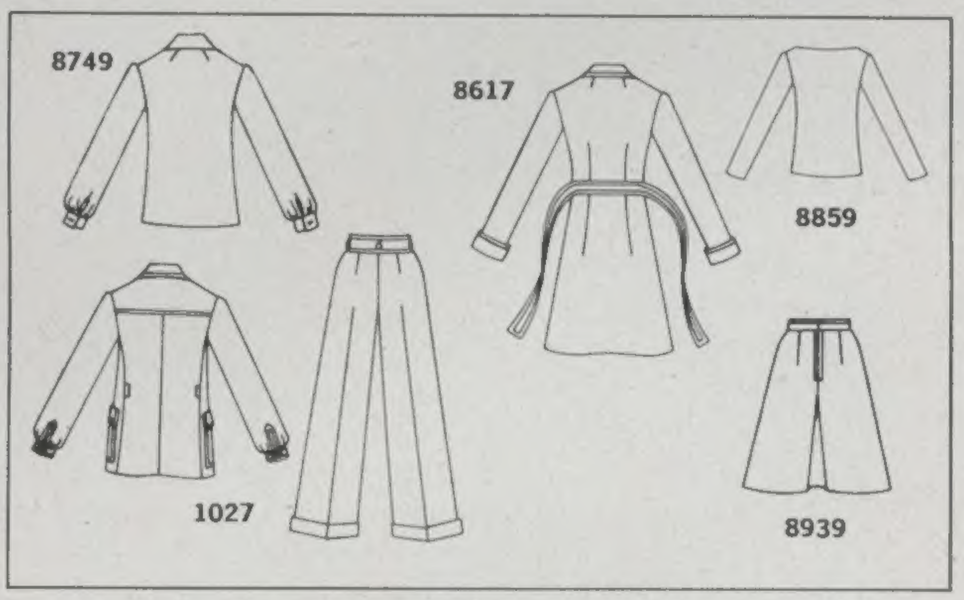
PAGES 106-107

- Reversible raincoat, Very Easy Vogue Pattern 8699. Sizes 8-18. In 44" fabric, size 10 requires 3⅝ yards of each fabric. $3; in Canada, $3.30.
- Oscar de la Renta skirt, Vogue Pattern 1047. Sizes 8-16. Size 10 requires 1⅞ yards of 44" fabric. $4.50; in Canada, $4.95.
- Stitch-brim hat, Vogue Pattern 8975 (one size). ⅝ yards of 44" fabric. $2; in Canada, $2.20.
- Yves Saint Laurent jacket, Vogue Pattern 2983. Sizes 8-16. For size 10, 2⅜ yards of 44" fabric. $5; in Canada, $5.50.
- Blouse, Vogue Pattern 8749. Sizes 8-18. For size 10, 2⅛ yards 44" fabric. $2; in Canada, $2.20.
- Skirt, Vogue Pattern 8939. Sizes 10-18. For size 10, 1¾ yards 44" fabric. $3; in Canada, $3.30.



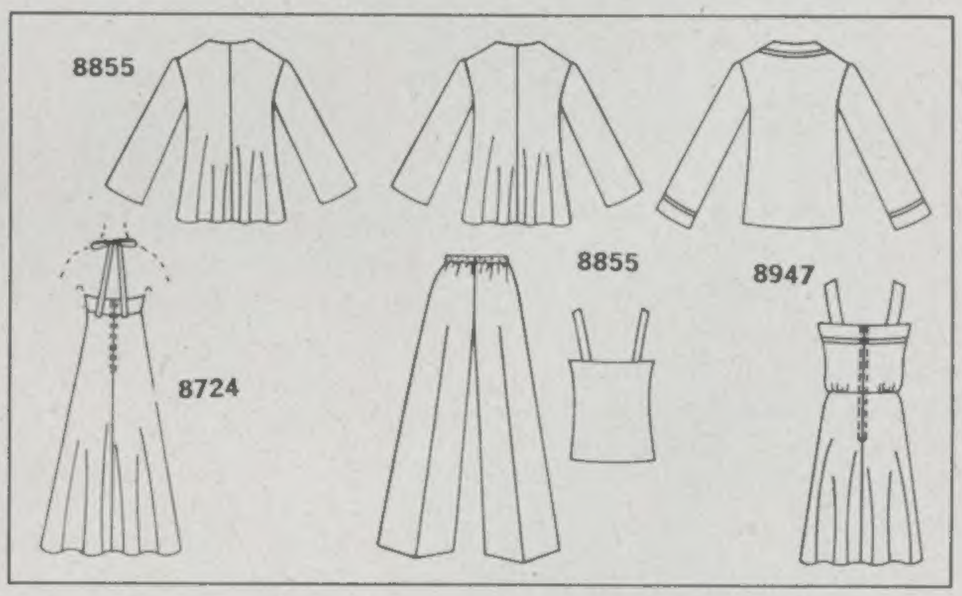
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- Wrap coat. Very Easy Vogue Pattern 8699. For size 10, 3⅝ yards of 44" fabric. $3; in Canada, $3.30.
- Front-pleat pants, Vogue Pattern 8353. Sizes 24"-30" waist. 25" waist requires 2⅜ yards of 44" fabric. $1.50; in Canada, $1.65.
- Oversized top, Vogue Pattern 8813. Sizes 8-16. Size 10 requires 2⅛ yards of 44" fabric. $2; in Canada, $2.20.
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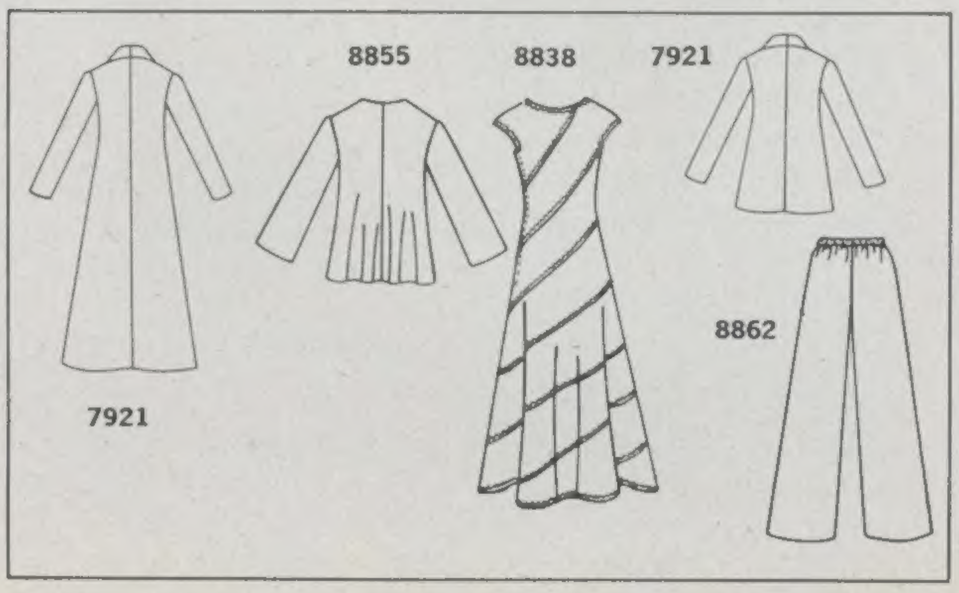
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- Blouse, Vogue Pattern 8749. Sizes 8-18. For size 10, 2⅛ yards 44" fabric. $2; in Canada, $2.20.
- Yves Saint Laurent jacket and pants, Vogue Pattern 1027. Sizes 8-16. Size 10 requires 6 yards of 44" fabric. $4; in Canada, $4.40.
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- Chiffon jacket, Vogue Pattern 8855. Sizes 8-16. Size 10 requires 2¼ yards of 44" fabric. $3; in Canada, $3.30.
- Long dress, Very Easy Vogue Pattern 8724. Sizes 8-16. Size 10 requires 2 yards of 60" fabric. $3; in Canada, $3.30.
- Pyjama, Vogue Pattern 8855. Sizes 8-16. Size 10 requires 4⅞ yards of 44" fabric for the jacket and pants, ⅝ yard of 44" stretch fabric for the camisole top. $3; in Canada, $3.30.
- Short dress and jacket, Vogue Pattern 8947. Sizes 8-16. Size 10 requires 4⅛ yards of 44" fabric. $2.50; in Canada, $2.75.



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- Long robe, Vogue Pattern 7921. Sizes S, M, L, X-L. Size medium requires 6⅝ yards of 45" fabric. $2; in Canada, $2.20.
- Bedjacket, Vogue Pattern 8855. Sizes 8-16. Size 10, 2¼ yards 44" fabric. $3; in Canada, $3.30.
- Nightdress, Vogue Pattern 8838. Sizes 8-16. Size 10 requires 2¼ yards of 44" fabric. $2; in Canada, $2.20.
- Short robe, Vogue Pattern 7921. Sizes S, M, L, X-L. Size medium requires 4 yards of 45" fabric. $2; in Canada, $2.20.
- Pull-on pants, Vogue Pattern 8862. Sizes 24"-30" waist. Size 24" waist requires 2⅝ yards of 44" fabric. $2; in Canada, $2.20.



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